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A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER 1979 \$2.95

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BILLY CARTER**

**PROFILE: MIDGET
WRESTLING CHAMP**

**CIGARETTES AND
THE THIRD WORLD:
EXPORTING DEATH**

**THE FALL OF THE
GREEK AND
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WHAT REALLY
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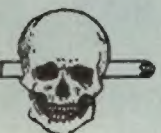


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HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1979 VOL. 6 NO. 3

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



United States of Death

The specter of legal murder is once more casting its grim shadow across the face of American society.

This past May the state of Florida fried John Spenkellink in the electric chair—the first execution in this country since Gary Gilmore faced a Utah firing squad and the first involuntary execution in more than 12 years. This pointless killing directly threatens the 520 or so condemned prisoners presently on death rows around the country, for it opens the door to weak-kneed judges and governors who can deny stays of execution without bearing the political burden of being the first to do so. And once again our penitentiaries will reek with the stench of vomit, excrement, urine and sizzling flesh as poorly paid, badly trained prison officials slowly and agonizingly torture a fellow human being to death.

Even if you agree with the stupid and savage principle of “an eye for an eye,” you cannot fail to be repulsed by the primitive technology employed by the various states to kill their offenders. *Gassing*, the least disfiguring method, takes an average of seven minutes to stop the heartbeat. In *hanging*, death is rarely caused by a quick fracture of the neck; nine times out of ten the victim slowly strangles for ten minutes—dancing a hideous jig of death while excrement, urine and sometimes semen pour from the body. Clinton Duffy, who served 11 years as warden of California’s San Quentin prison, wrote that when the hanged body is finally cut down, in most cases “the side of the face has been torn open.” *Shooting* by firing squad is probably the quickest method. But it certainly disfigures, and death is not necessarily instantaneous either. *Electrocution* is possibly the worst method of all. After the usual eight cycles of 2,250 volts followed by 1,000 volts have been administered, the heart may still be beating, and further jolts are often necessary. The victim’s eyes literally pop out of their sockets; his flesh burns; urine and excrement are inevitably released.

So what? you say. Didn’t each of these assholes kill

someone? How else are we going to halt the reign of murder and other brutal crimes in this country?

The simple facts are these: Capital punishment is not now, nor was it ever, a deterrent. In 16th-century England, when picking pockets was considered to be a capital offense and hangings took place in public, pickpockets used to ply their trade on the crowd watching the condemned thief swinging on the gallows! And in 20th-century America the murder rate has been constantly higher in those states maintaining the death penalty as punishment for it.

Fact number two: The precept of “an eye for an eye” is taken from ancient Hebraic law handed down at the time of Moses. Jesus Christ preached forgiveness, not legal death, and the major churches in this country have come out against capital punishment.

Fact number three: Capital punishment discriminates against the poor, the black or any minority member who cannot afford good legal counsel. *Rich white killers aren’t put to death by the state; they die of old age in Miami Beach.*

Fact number four: Every educational and psychological authority agrees with Duffy, who feels that the way to deter crime is to build a better child. That means better parenting. “Where there is love, understanding . . . discipline and direction,” he said, “rarely will you have a delinquent child or an adult criminal.”

A final note: Some people in this country want all executions to be televised. If that ever happens—and stranger things than that have come to pass in America—I believe that capital punishment would be abolished in every state within a week.

A stylized, handwritten signature in dark ink that reads "Gary Flynt".

Publisher &
Chairman of the Board

"Hi. I'm Chrissy. When I appeared in HUSTLER, my shoes were bright red, my socks were white . . . and my pussy was shocking pink."



Getting the color right is part of what HUSTLER is all about—especially the shocking pink. We grab it, align it, define it, sharpen it and lock your eyeballs on the right track. HUSTLER's quality is fine-tuned. We are the trendsetter of the '70s: *the sex magazine to watch in the '80s.*

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HUSTLER has always believed in giving its readers more for their money, and this month features the *most!* To begin with, there are four—count 'em—four photo-sets. **STARR MATERIAL**, **MAGIC WANDA!** and **MELANIE: CALIFORNIA DREAMER** are prime examples of the steaming-hot HUSTLER Honeys you've come to know and love. The fourth—**EAST SIDE STORY**—is a must for all you couple-lovers who've written to us requesting more heterosexual fantasies. If these two don't get you hot, then you'd better go back to reading *National Geographic*.

But man can't live by fantasies alone, so we've got an extra portion of hard-hitting, in-depth articles to whet your mental appetite. This month we asked **DOCTORS EBERHARD** and **PHYLLIS KRONHAUSEN**—both members of the American Psychological Society—to analyze **THE FALL OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN EMPIRES**. The good doctors' previous contributions to HUSTLER include *Genesis: Fall From Innocence* (July 1978) and *Erotic Art by Children* (October 1978). The couple has also collaborated on a number of other works, including *The Sex People*, *Erotic Art (Volumes I & II)*, *The Sexually Responsive Woman*, *Pornography and the Law* and *Erotic Fantasies: A Study of Sexual Imagination*. In addition, they helped establish the San Francisco Museum of Erotic Art. This month's scholarly work tells us more than we ever knew, and we hope you'll find the same.

Now that American and European smokers have become aware of the dangers of high-tar cigarettes, tobacco-company sales are dropping in the Western Hemisphere. But those good ol' boys from Marlboro Country are irrepressible when it comes to finding new markets. As **ROBERT J. WAGMAN** reports, the cancerstick-pushers are cur-



Cover by Suze Randall

rently involved in **BLOWING AWAY THE THIRD WORLD** by pouring tobacco products into developing nations. Wagman is Washington Bureau Chief of the North American Newspaper Alliance (NANA). NANA Editor **SHELDON D. ENGELMAYER** assisted Wagman in preparing the piece, and the accompanying illustration was rendered by HUSTLER regular **DAN KIRK**.

Some months ago we sent free-lance sportswriter **ED KIERSH** in search of wrestler **LITTLE TOKYO: THE WORLD'S GREATEST MIDGET ATHLETE**. Kiersh followed Little Tokyo around the country, and his informative and entertaining report delivers a gallon or two of insight regarding the grappling dwarf's pint-sized world. **ALEX EBEL** provided the masterful caricature of Little Tokyo in action.

Wrestling with changing social mores has become a familiar activity for HUSTLER Senior Editor **MICHAEL STOTT**. He recently traveled to the San

Francisco Bay area and discovered a rather unusual club: **THE AFFLUENT SPANKERS**. His well-disciplined study of the painful pleasures of the group constitutes this month's *Sex Play*, and after he filed it, we asked him who gets the most pleasure—the spanker or the spankee? Michael never answered, but we noticed he conducted business standing up for the rest of the week... with a strange smile on his face. The spankingly good illustration is by **IGNACIO GOMEZ**, a Los Angeles-based artist whose credits include appearances in *Penthouse* and *Oui*.

A public figure who might well have benefited as a child from an extended treatment of over-the-knee therapy is President Carter's notorious brother. HUSTLER Executive Editor **LEE QUARNSTROM** worked for several minutes in researching Billy's illustrious career, and the result is **THIS IS YOUR LIFE, BILLY CARTER**, a thorough summary of the younger Carter's outstanding contributions to American society. Texan **BARRY PHILLIPS** provided the background art and spot illustrations for this humor piece. Phillips's credits include work for *CHIC*, *Los Angeles* magazine and *Playgirl*.

September's fiction, **A GAMBLING MAN**, was written by **BEN SATTERFIELD**. It concerns a regular at the weekly poker game who's forced to change his strategy when a female high-roller lays her cards on the table. The companion artwork is by **STAN WATTS**, whose album covers are well-known in the recording industry. He's also provided illustrations for *Oui*.

That's our fall roundup; we know you'll enjoy it. In fact, we can't think of a better way to fight off autumn's chill than by curling up with your favorite Honey and this month's HUSTLER. That should keep things hot! 🔥



Alex Ebel



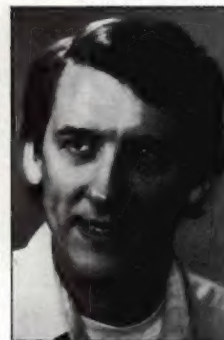
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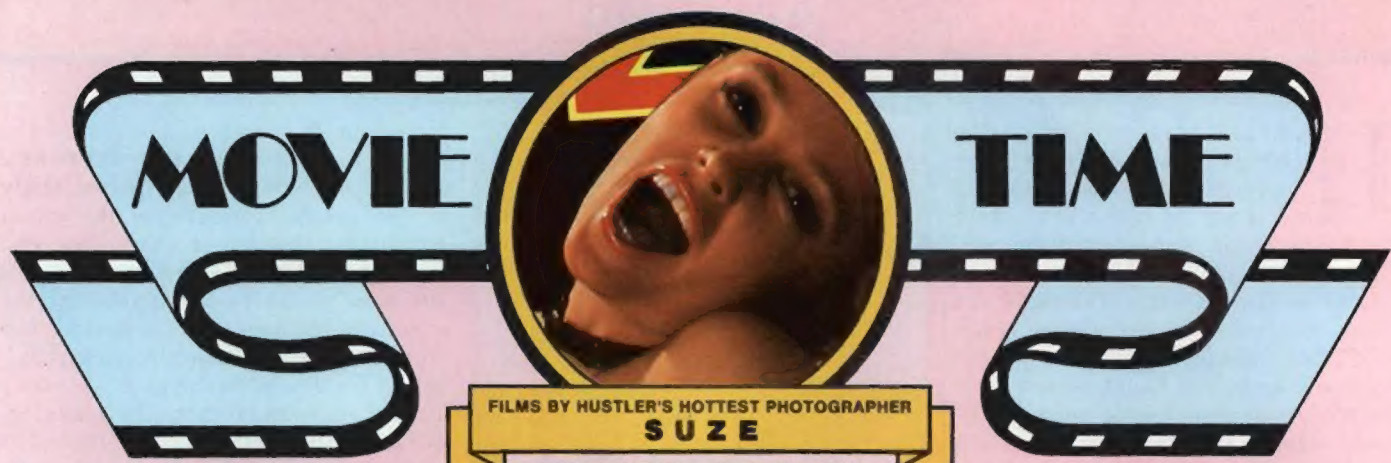
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HUSTLER HONEYS



CHRISSIE

July's campfire Honey makes friends with her flashlight, begging for more with those big blue eyes. And more is what Chrissie gets. Light up your life with this sexy girl-next-door.



LOLITA

Lolita, next month's cover girl, looks sweet and innocent, but underneath is a ripening passion. Share a young girl's wet dreams as she returns from school and humps her dumpty.



INGA

Here's a sneak preview of next month's centerfold. When a dive into a swimming pool does nothing to cool Inga down, she takes on a full bottle of champagne.



BEAUTY

What happens when Beast's Beauty (November 1978) grows up to find the Beast just isn't enough? Watch her on the rampage trying to satisfy her voracious sexual appetite.

For five years HUSTLER Magazine has brought you America's most daring, high-quality erotic entertainment. Now listen and look as Suze Randall, our sexiest photographer, brings HUSTLER's hottest Honeys to life in a new, unrivaled series of erotic films and videocassettes, with a FULL-SOUND option. The films are avail-

able individually in 200-foot color reels in regular 8mm (\$19.95), Super 8mm (\$24.95) and—for lifelike intimacy—Super 8mm with FULL SOUND (\$39.95). Or see all four girls together in FULL-SOUND and color on VHS or Beta videocassettes for an unbeatable bargain offer of only \$69.95!

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Getting Off: Although I've read many letters-to-the-editor in men's magazines in which readers tell how they got off on a certain model's ass or pussy, I've never seen a girl in your photo-spreads who ever really attracted me until I saw the face of *Cindy: Hot Chutist* in your July issue. To put it simply, she is a beautiful woman.

Keep up the good work with *HUSTLER Humor* and *Beaver Hunt*, and for God's sake keep changing and growing, even though some of those changes have turned me off. By the way, there always seems to be a certain glow or moist look to your models' pussies and fingernails. Will you tell me who thought up the process and how it is done?

—Brent Ostler
Des Moines, Iowa

Except for the polish on the fingernails, the "glow or moist look" was thought up by the greatest cosmetologist of all—Mother Nature.

Career on the Cross: This letter is about your June issue. On page 52 a cartoon depicted Christ with His feet nailed to the cross, while the Virgin Mary tells Him, "I told you that you should go to medical school or become a lawyer. But no, your own mother you wouldn't listen to." I think Christ did more important things for mankind than any doctor or lawyer will ever do, and I believe all true believers will agree with that. Thank you for reading this letter.

—J. W.
Marquette, Michigan

Sure Bet: My husband just told me that Althea Flynt had appeared naked in *HUSTLER* a few years ago. He bet me you wouldn't rerun that picture or even publish this letter, so could you please help me win the bet by reprinting the photo.

—Betty Johnson
Cincinnati, Ohio

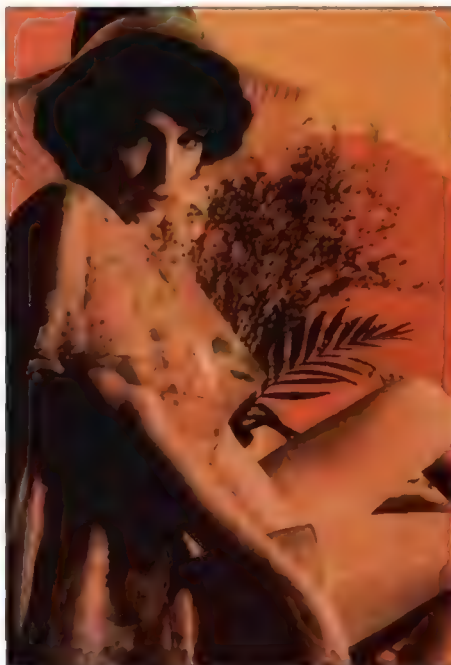
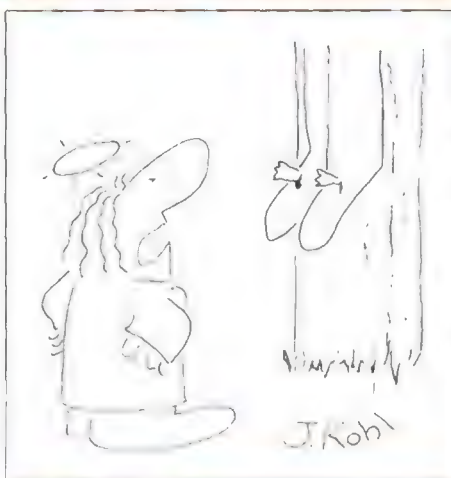
See bottom photo, from our July 1975 issue.

Tennis Turn-on: As a man who's devoted his entire life to the study of the female form, I am writing to praise the outstanding photography displayed in *Becky: Tennis Muff* (June). Those rose-petal lips, petite boobs and deliciously tight box equate to a TOTAL TURN-ON! Even her feet look tasty!

Each succeeding issue of *HUSTLER* seems to get better than the previous one.

—Mitch Krueger
Seattle, Washington

Sweaty Ecstasy: I am a graduate student at the University of Southern California, presently working on my Ph.D. in counseling-psychology. I have applauded your magazine for the past several years, most recently since the inclusion of male-female photo-spreads. Your depiction of real-life sweaty ecstasy and naturally beautiful



lovmaking is unparalleled among contemporary publications. However, after seeing your June pictorial entitled *Vegas Folly*, I'll not only applaud you but I'll also take out a subscription.

It takes a lot to have me rip a term paper out of my typewriter and write a letter-to-the-editor, but your open-minded presentation of transsexualism only further convinced me that your magazine is indeed the most liberated, intelligent and provocative one on the market. If only the University could be so sweet!

—Russ Thompson
Long Beach, California

Although I disapprove of some of your articles and cartoons, I very much approve of the explicit photo sequences in *Vegas Folly* (June). In past years I have seen hermaphrodites, but never one with the beauty and sexual development of your model. Thank you very much for the lesson.

—R. W. J.
Fayette, Iowa

Stop Psychiatric Assault! Your article *Lithium: Psychiatric Assault* (June) was a clear, no-bullshit exposure of the prevalent methodology practiced by general psychiatry today. I was one of those who gulped down assorted "medications," then found myself mind-diluted and body-disrupted to the point where my treatment was worse than my original sickness. It's time for a concerted effort to find other ways to deal with emotional problems and mental illness. Your magazine has once and for all proven its worth. Thank you.

—Michael J. Kubsch
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Clean Up the Filth: I cannot believe what I have witnessed. Such filthiness in a magazine that anyone over 18 can buy! Just because an 18-year-old buys it doesn't mean that that person will be the only one to see it. I know that if parents don't want their children to look at a copy of *HUSTLER Magazine*, they shouldn't buy it to begin with, but if only they didn't have it to buy in the first place!

If this country is to be saved, pornography has got to be stopped. Thank you for reading this.

—A Concerned Mother
Address Withheld by Request

May God save us from our would-be saviors.

Rejects Rooter: I have a copy of *HUSTLER REJECTS* #2 and have enjoyed tremendously viewing that fine array of opened-up females. I've been watching newsstands for a newer edition, but so far no luck. Where or when can I get another one?

—Hank Strickland
Tustin, California

HUSTLER REJECTS is published only once a

year. You can order back issues of *REJECTS* #1 and *REJECTS* #2. There's a handy coupon on page 34 of this issue.

Hold the Niggers: I have been reading your magazine for some time, and I enjoy it very much, but when I saw your photo-feature *Black 'n' White... And Hot All Over* (June), I threw it away. Why do you disgrace your magazine with *niggers* in it? I refuse to buy it with that shit inside. I'll put it down every chance I get. Fuck you!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We put black people in HUSTLER. The niggers are in your twisted mind.

Ignoring Taboos: Larry Flynt will not be intimidated! I just picked up your June issue, and was I surprised! Lo and behold, there was the pictorial *Black 'n' White*. After the issue carrying the black studs and the Southern belle (*HUSTLER*, May 1978), I thought that it would be years before an interracial spread would be seen again. I'm very pleased that the ignorant hatemongers of this world have not changed your policy.

I have always enjoyed *HUSTLER*, but this convinces me that your publication is the only one that disregards the ridiculous taboos set down by this hypocritical society. There is no longer any need to second-guess the reason for that other spread. Once would have been enough to satisfy most critics. By doing it again (and so soon) you have proven that it was neither tokenism nor simple eco-

nomics. Along with this thank-you is enclosed my subscription order for one year.

—Eugene
Detroit, Michigan

Knock Out Nicotine! I have only been a *HUSTLER* reader since picking up the December 1978 issue, but in that short time I have come to realize what a great magazine it is. One thing I really like is your fight against smoking. For the first time in my life I've seen ads telling me not to smoke and why. It makes me feel good to know somebody is on my side, because I hate the damn things.

—C. W.
Pascagoula, Mississippi

Freedom-Fighters: I support men like Larry Flynt in their courageous battle against those people trying to destroy the very concept of freedom! When history is written, I'm sure that it will be Flynt and those like him who will be recorded as the truly great Americans, not those out to strangle their ideas.

—C. L.
Panama City, Florida

Talk-Show Truths: As I watched Larry Flynt on *The Phil Donahue Show* recently, I felt a strong love for him as my brother in Christ. I'm sorry some of the people in the audience there condemned him in such a harsh way, because when people point their fingers and wag their tongues at us, we all tend to get defensive. But please consider that God may have been speaking through some of those people, and ask yourselves if

some of their statements might not be true.

I know that I myself changed a lot after making Jesus my Lord and that the change only came gradually, because it's so difficult sometimes to see how wrong your own ideas can be. But I think you're right about reaching people who are not saved—and that Jesus definitely had a sense of humor.

—Lottie Holland
Waco, Texas

I first saw Larry Flynt on *The Phil Donahue Show*, and I thought he was great. It took an awful lot of courage for him to get up there in front of America and listen to what the people had to say. I'm on his side all the way.

I'm an avid reader of *HUSTLER* and have been since Day One. I think it's great that I have the choice to read what I wish and that you have the right to print what you see fit. I have a 17-year-old daughter, and while I don't let her read each issue, I don't think the articles on abortion and child abuse would harm her at all.

It's good to see Larry Flynt stand up for our rights, and with all our prayers maybe soon he'll stand up for real. God bless all of you in your fight for our rights.

—Sherrill Findley
Harker Heights, Texas

I am a 20-year-old woman who never thought she'd be writing to *HUSTLER* or any other magazine, but I was reading *Feed-back* in your March issue, and it really pissed me off!

Why those letter-writers said *HUSTLER* is degrading to God and mankind is beyond me. Just because I buy and read a magazine doesn't mean I'm any less a Christian. Even if people don't like the magazine, no one is forcing them to buy it. And I find it hard to believe that in our day and age Larry Flynt would have to pay so dearly for printing ink on a piece of paper.

We can't let narrow-minded, prejudiced people decide what we can read and write, or our Constitutional rights won't mean shit. Love you, Larry.

—K. C.
Address Withheld by Request

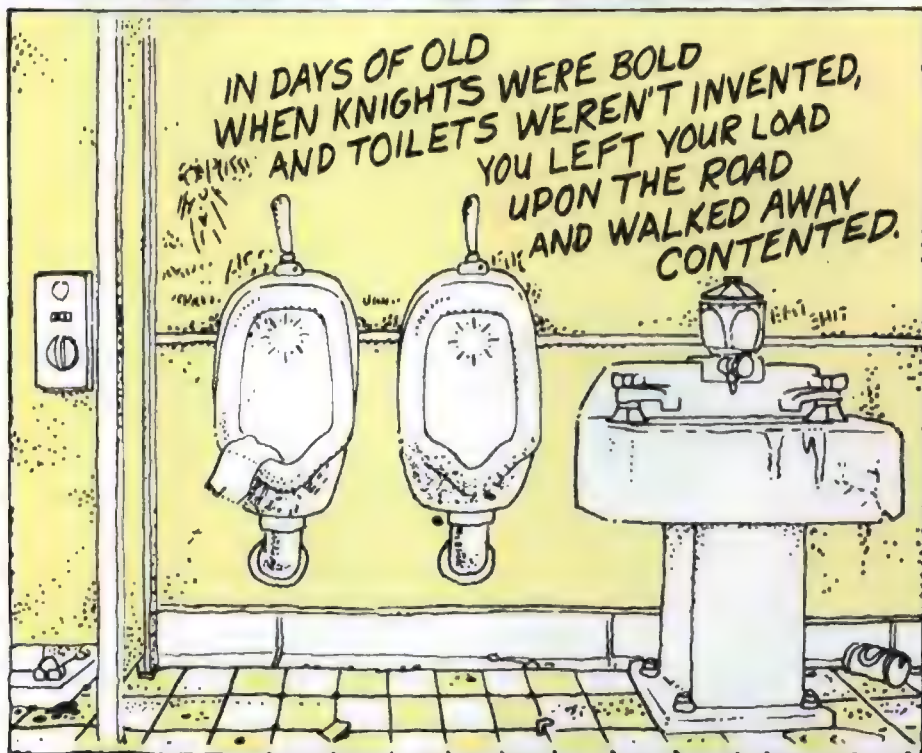
Free Thinking: I am very concerned about freedom of the press and of the private citizen in this country. The past editorials of Larry Flynt have really got me thinking, and I would like to know if there is a way I could communicate with people who feel the way I do. Also, do you know how I can obtain the mailing addresses of our congressmen?

—Joseph Rolle
Trevose, Pennsylvania

Request a copy of the *Congressional Directory* from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

I would like to jump on your First Amendment bandwagon because living here in Tennessee with some of the biggest hypocrites in the country sure isn't easy. I was

GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$25 TO R.B., PATUXENT RIVER, MD

Mysterious Eastern Love Tool

From the mystical, sensual East, home of the KAMA SUTRA positions, comes the sexiest new imported product of the year from 'Doc' Johnson. Be the first to own the new 'Doc' Johnson 8^{1/2}" multi-speed vibrator for the ultimate turn on. This powerful, quiet vibrator gives a choice of six sexy screw-on heads, which will give you six imaginative sensations. This advance in the sexual technology of the Far East, comes complete with its own set of batteries ready to drive you and your lovers to new heights of sexual delight.



Send me _____ Six-headed Love Tool(s) @ \$14.95 ea. plus \$1.50 postage and handling first item; \$1.00 ea. additional item. (Add appropriate Sales Tax.)

Please print

Total enclosed \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Signature _____

I am of legal age.

Enclosed is my ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order
or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC

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HU979

prompted to subscribe to your magazine when the May and June issues of HUSTLER were withheld from local newsstands. I picked up the June issue in another city, and suspect what the censor didn't like (of course) was the black-and-white photo-spread you ran. Who said the South isn't prejudiced?

Even though I don't necessarily agree totally with all that you print, whether or not I like it should remain my decision, not that of some invisible asshole.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Suggestive Letters: In no way would I knock your high-class magazine. But why don't you run a photo-set with a black girl and a white man? Or how about having one of your great articles deal with marijuana?

—Bill Swan
Hillcrest Heights, Maryland

You asked for them. Watch coming issues.

I've been a long-time reader of your magazine, mainly because of the sexy legs, feet and shoes of your models. I'm a foot fetishist, so could you please have your photographers put more emphasis on the models' feet in your next issue and maybe have them wear some really sexy thongs or slippers?

—J. Collins
San Diego, California

Grand Canyon Cunts: Congratulations on

a well-organized and interesting magazine, without a doubt the funniest filth in existence. You guys are really nuts!

I find, however, one flaw that denies you your Oscar. The broads featured in HUSTLER look like slaughterhouse tramps with canyon-size twats better fit for a medical journal. But the rest of HUSTLER makes up for this deficiency and still gives you top honors on the newsstand.

—Mark Rauber
Houston, Texas

Waiting For Butch: I have been reading HUSTLER for three years, and I would like you to do a photo-feature coupling Butch the Naked Waiter with a black girl. Call it "Butch and the Soul Sister." Also, why haven't you done a feature with John Holmes?

—Margeret Dunn
Rockingham, North Carolina

Butch and his Georgia Peach appeared in BEST OF HUSTLER #2. A feature with John "The Wadd" Holmes ran in our June 1975 issue.

Sexy Seniors: Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* "Fifth Birthday" in the July issue is a zinger and zeroes in on exactly why I subscribe to your magazine. As a senior citizen, I must keep a neat and tidy image, so I don't leave HUSTLER laying around on my coffee table at home.

I do feel, however, that it's a perfect catalyst and safety valve for many who have been brainwashed with the idea that any-

thing on a human being below the navel is carnal and sinful. We repress our young people at the peak of their sexual lives in the same manner that judges and juries have repressed Larry Flynt.

Talk about a travesty of justice!

—Glenn Generaux
Northridge, California

Dream Beaver: I want to thank you for making my dream come true in your BEST OF HUSTLER #4 *Beaver Hunt* section. You showed a picture of Virginia Wagner, a very lovely and sexy-looking lady I've wanted to see nude for years. I'll keep her picture forever. Please keep making men like me happy with your *Beaver Hunt*.

—Earl Jones
Richmond, Virginia

Lusting and Trusting: I write this letter out of concern for the Pure Bride of the Holy God/Man Jesus Christ (meaning His Church) and out of concern for Larry Flynt. I have been following the news reports about his religious experience and the direction of his magazines. Many have prayed that his experience would be genuine and would give glory to God.

I am led to make known to him some of the principles contained in the Word of God, for I notice that he is still involved with HUSTLER and pornography.

Jesus, who died for our sins so that no one need be punished in hell, stated, "I say to you, that every man who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart" (Matthew 5:28). This does not say that sex is bad. Sex is good and established by God for procreation and as a pleasurable expression of true love between a husband and a wife. But sex or sexually stimulating material outside of marriage is mental or physical lusting, and is adultery deserving God's anger and wrath.

I write these things not as one who is superior, but as a sinner who has been forgiven by trusting in the blood shed by Jesus at Calvary. I am now striving by His Grace to be like Him.

There is no doubt: God says that pornography is immoral and is next to prostitution. God has no part in such things and neither do His children (please read carefully 1 Corinthians 6:9-20).

—The Reverend John R. Emmans, Pastor
Church of the Open Door
Fort Washington, Pennsylvania

Looking For Work: I'm an avid reader of both CHIC and HUSTLER because they are the most honest magazines on today's market. The reason I am writing is to point out that a cartoon in the July HUSTLER already appeared in the June '77 issue of CHIC. If you're that understaffed, consider this letter an application for a job.

—Anthony Nassaney
Van Nuys, California

We liked the cartoon so much, we felt that HUSTLER readers who missed it in CHIC should get to see it here too.



"They call me Grizzly Adams 'cause I fucks bears."

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Mind-fucking may be a lot more than a figure of speech, according to a New York doctor who reports that several of his patients experienced temporary amnesia after sex. Luckily, the forgetful copulators became themselves again after a day's time and usually did not suffer any further loss of memory. Medical researchers are at a loss to explain just exactly what happened.

Women would rather fuck around with books than with guys, if you can believe the findings of a survey of couples taken in a Southeastern city. The poll, which asked couples what they preferred to do with their free time, showed women ranked reading first, with sex barely nosing out "sewing for leisure" for second place. Men, however, rated screwing as their first preference, revealing they'd rather have their nose buried in something a little softer--and a lot more interesting--than a dictionary.

For those of you fed up with doctors who only seem to be on time for their golf games, take heart: At least one American has fought back by charging his physicians for time wasted in the waiting room. Surprisingly, a judge in Boston's Small Claims Court upheld one pissed-off patient's argument that his time had an equal value to that of the physicians. As one impatient patient remarked, "Americans are sitting cheek to jowl in crowded waiting rooms because the American Medical Association--the world's most malicious union--wants it that way."

Vice may not be nice, but San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt thinks cops have better things to do than snoop into the private sex lives of consenting adults. So Britt has called for the elimination of the Police Department's vice squad, arguing that the taxpayers' money is better-spent preventing crimes that have victims.

At least someone still takes seriously the old cliché about "keeping it in the family." In fact, 22-year-old Mark Goodman took it so seriously that he married his 78-year-old step-grandmother a year ago. The couple have just celebrated their first anniversary without any regrets. In response to a question about his odd romance, Goodman told an interviewer, "Society puts a parameter around marriage, but what does age have to do with it? It has nothing to do with love." The only subject Goodman will not talk about is the couple's sex life.

Last month HUSTLER told you about the unlucky fellow who had his prick sliced off accidentally during a supposedly "routine" operation. This month's story is about a much happier medical miracle. French doctors have sewn back on the family jewels of a 21-year-old mental patient in what is believed to be the first successful reattachment of both penis and testicles. The patient, who had whacked himself off in the middle of a schizophrenic crisis, is reportedly capable of a normal sex life...but is sterile!

In 1932 nearly 600 black men were tricked into being guinea pigs for a deadly government-sponsored syphilis study in Tuskegee, Alabama. Over the course of the 40-year experiment treatment was withheld from 400 syphilis victims--all poor black men who were never informed they had the disease--so doctors could satisfy their twisted curiosity as to the effects of the untreated disease on the human body. Now time is running out for the last 23 victims, who face the deadline for filing a claim against the federal government, which agreed in 1974 to pay \$9 million to survivors and to relatives of those who died. 🐷

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HIS TRAVEL KIT (1531) includes a 7" Elite Vibrator; matching Stimulator Sleeve; German Tickler; Joy Jelly super lubricant; and batteries.

THE GAY TRAVEL KIT (1532) contains a powerful Contour "T" Anal Vibrator; adjustable leather Cock Band; new Anal Lube; and batteries. Each kit is only \$15.95



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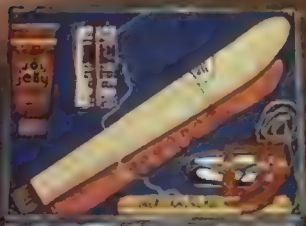
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HER TRAVEL KIT (1530)



HIS TRAVEL KIT (1531)



THE GAY TRAVEL KIT (1532)

Bits & Pieces

There are two basic types of assholes: dumb ones and smart ones. Dumb assholes can't help it; smart ones can. An obvious conclusion, therefore, is that smart assholes are worse than dumb ones. Why? Because the intelligent ones are assholes *on purpose*.

While we've named some real dummies as Assholes of the Month, most of our award-winners have received the honor because they have intentionally turned themselves into assholes. This month's Asshole, Paul Schrader, is one of the smarter bunnholes to grace this page.

Schrader is an intelligent, creative man. He has written screenplays for several films, including *Taxi Driver*, and he both wrote and directed the recent movie *Hardcore* (reviewed in *X-Rated Reviews*, August). He displays a fine understanding of the artistry of film, and he certainly has a good grasp of what sells and what doesn't.

But Paul Schrader further displays a perverted sense of fake morality, which ruins his two best films, *Taxi Driver* and *Hardcore*. Worse than that, he knowingly creates emotional propaganda of the sleaziest sort. The reason we're naming Schrader Asshole of the Month is because much of that propaganda is aimed against sex in general and against *HUSTLER* in particular.

He also evidences an alarming belief that violence is the solution to all the world's problems. Moral problems presented in *Taxi*



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Paul Schrader

Driver and *Hardcore* are solved with outbursts of violence, of shooting, of killing. In this respect Schrader is not unlike Adolf Hitler, who believed that his sick ends justified the murderous means he used to achieve them.

A naive viewer of *Hardcore* might well come away with the belief that the world is going to hell in a handbasket and that the "sex industry" is some sort of hell on earth. *Hardcore* promotes a vision of

California as a place where commercial sex—including massage parlors, adult movies and S&M parlors—has replaced all "normal" human endeavors.

George C. Scott portrays Jake VanDorn, a member of a sexually repressive, Calvinist religion in Michigan who is seeking his daughter among the denizens of Schrader's sleazy world of sex. VanDorn represents, in Schrader's twisted mind, all the forces

of good and of morality. Everyone else is some sort of demon trying to corrupt his lovely daughter (who has, in fact, left home because she's tired of the repressive environment).

VanDorn saves the girl from death in a "snuff" film—a mythical type of movie in which someone is actually killed. There used to be rumors about such flicks, but they have been proven false. Knowing this, Schrader nonetheless uses the concept of snuff films to point out just how "horrible" pornography is.

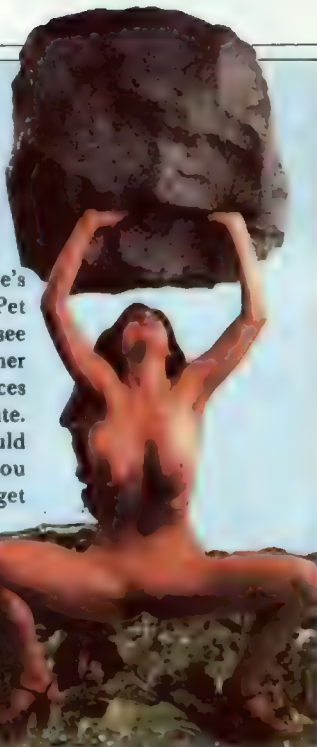
At one point VanDorn walks along the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles and stops for a moment in front of a billboard. This billboard (which actually stood on Sunset a year ago) reads: *HUSTLER*, For Those Who Think Pink.

This is a completely gratuitous attempt to link *HUSTLER* with Schrader's make-believe world of snuff movies and a society turning into some sort of satanic underworld. It's a lie on every level, and it's stupid to boot. Schrader, in other words, has taken a very real and serious subject and distorted it beyond our belief and beyond the belief of anyone who's ever visited an adult-book store, viewed an X-rated movie or read a men's magazine such as *HUSTLER*. This is more than slipshod; it's shabby.

Paul Schrader has a talent that he could use to enlighten as well as to entertain. It's too bad that he has chosen the path of the asshole. He could do so much more.

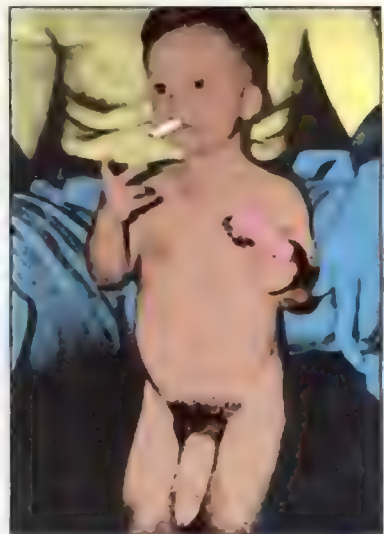
Rock 'n' Roll Over

This shapely lady's life is usually on the rocks, but that's to be expected; she's America's first and only Pet Boulder trainer. Here you see her working out with one of her clients, who just fall to pieces when they're taken for granite. All the guys out there should understand that, since you know how important it is to get your rocks off.



Little Fucker

The trouble with being a HUSTLER Smut Midget is that every time you sweet-talk one of the secretaries into the back room, you have to find someone to put you up to it. However, our Executive Editor, Lee Quarnstrom, says it never bothered him. A precocious lad, Lee says he began experimenting with sex before he was two years old. "I'm double-jointed," he confesses, "so I started out fucking the soft spot on top of my head."



Bet You Can't Eat Just One

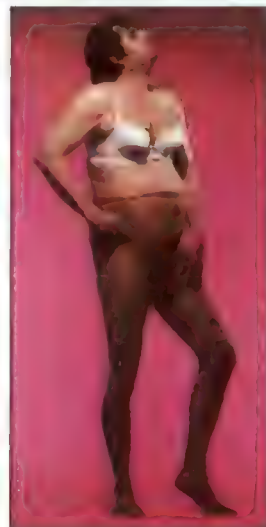


Beating the food shortage is no laughing matter, so when her husband told our thrifty homemaker that her tits looked good enough to eat, she took him at his word. She also can't understand

why everybody makes such a big deal these days about breast-feeding, since "they're so easy to prepare." And with knockers like hers, this housewife's got plenty for leftovers.

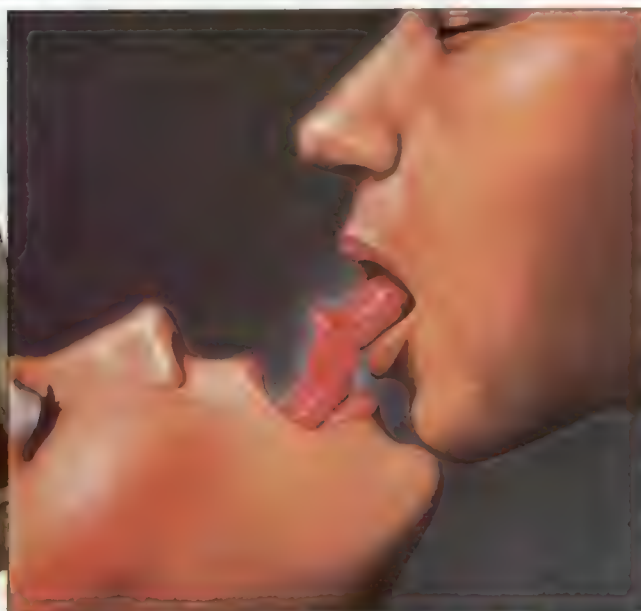
Gentlemen Prefer Haynes

Going out on the town without snazzy underwear can be a real drag for fashion-conscious transvestites, so it's no surprise to us that this darling pantyhose-and-bra set is the new hit among swish style-setters. The outfit is just perfect for a night out with the boys, or even a quiet evening in your own homo.



French Zoom-bies

These strange and beautiful scenes are brought to you by a French magazine called *Zoom*. The publication features stunning photography, ranging from new photos snapped around the world to some of the best erotic art we've seen in a long time. *Zoom* also offers its readers in-depth articles on the latest breakthroughs in photographic technology, although you're out of luck in that department unless you are fluent in French. But as the saying goes, one picture's worth a thousand words.



Peter Bread

This latest surprise from Betty Cocker comes straight from the old lady's oven. And, like they say, it's at yeast as much fun to make as it is to eat.



Geo-Graphics

Sticks and stones may break his bones, but ballpoint pens won't hurt him—or so say the guardians of this 500-year-old Filipino mummy. They'll let you autograph his skull for a price. This smiling beauty is straight out of a new magazine called *Geo*, sort of a hip version of *National Geographic*. *Geo* features the same stunning nature and location

photography you find in the *Geographic*, but with snappier, more critical writing. Articles in the first issue range from tracking cheetahs over the African plain to tracking loons in L.A. The folks who put out *Geo* are trying to discredit the idiotic cliché that good writing can only come in an ugly package, and they're off to a damn good start.

Teeth-Teaser



Fighting cavities has never been so appealing before, thanks to EVA, the new toothbrush that gives guys something to really sink their teeth into. Parents won't have any more trouble getting Junior to brush his teeth (if he can get his toothbrush away from Dad, that is). When asked if the firm plans on producing something for ladies to stick in their mouths, a company spokesman replied, "Someone greater than us has already taken care of that."

New Hope for Gays



It may take more than they bargained for, but gays who want to go straight now have a chance to stiffen up those wrists. Pioneer sex researchers Masters and Johnson have reported a 65-percent success rate in reversing homosexuality among swishes wanting to make the switch—far better results than ever achieved before. The pair also found that the sexual problems of gays in general can often be effectively treated in two weeks of intensive therapy. Now that's a thwell idea!

Eager Beaver



This little furry critter decided it was time for a beaver-to-beaver talk, so he sat down to relax with a copy of *HUSTLER*. Leave it to a beaver to know quality when he sees it. As far as we know, he likes the whole magazine, although we've heard that *Beaver Hunt* makes him kind of nervous.





Klan Plan 007

Agents of a secret Ku Klux Klan semi-intelligence force are shown here doing their part to rid the South of the gay black Communist menace. Specially trained Klansmen are traveling incognito (in decorator bed-sheets, so as not to stand out) to street corners throughout the

Southern states, trying to worm their way into the confidence of suspicious-looking dark people with limp wrists and Russian pen pals. So far the Klan hasn't had much luck destroying the conspiracy, although several of its agents have been arrested for impersonating a bed.

Hot Lips

Can your wife or girlfriend tie

her twat in a knot? We found a girl who could, and you'll see her featured in next month's HUSTLER. Better knot miss it!



Belles of the Ball

This moment of Technicolor lust is brought to you by the hot new disco-jazz group Saint Tropez. Their album *Belle de Jour*, which is French for something, is disco-slick, relying on nearly a full orchestra and tight harmonies to keep all the would-be Travoltas twitching their asses. We haven't caught them live yet, but if they move half as well as they look, it'll be standing-room only for the next 100 years.

Cast Party

Managing Editor Jim Heinisch decided the HUSTLER staff was due for some ass-kicking; as usual, Heinisch got carried away and tried to beat the shit out of his desk. Doctors are fairly certain they can save the leg, but are worried they'll have to castrate the little sucker. However, Heinisch hasn't used his pecker since 1962, so he probably won't even miss it.



Condom Mint

The latest candidate for screw-ball gift of the year is the condom calling-card, created by Maryland crazy Stu Lieberman. On one side of the foil package—which actually contains a condom—you get a stupid yellow happy face, while printed on the reverse is any one of dozens of snappy, wiseass sayings. Lieberman will also print custom slogans, so if you've been looking for a really different kind of business card, look no more. For a sample and catalog, send \$2 to Condom Calling Cards (P.O. Box 4206, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904).



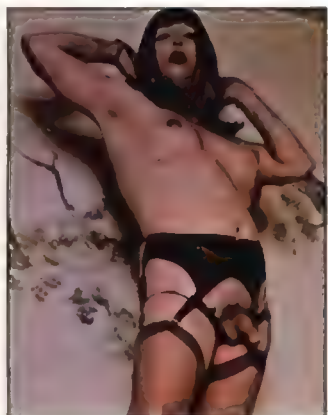
Greasy Kid Stuff

A lot of us have seen those old-fashioned Hummel figurines of milkmaids and farmboys sitting on Granny's knickknack shelves. But we're pretty sure no self-respecting grandma would collect this demented display of Donny and Marie, sent to us by artist William Tunberg. Now we finally know how the two Osmond clones get their act together—they keep in *real* close contact in their free time.



So Sue Us

We hear that transsexual Angela Lynn Douglas is doing just that—to the tune of \$1 million—because we published “a



copywritten [sic] photo of her without permission” in June’s *Bits & Pieces*. It seems she was particularly upset that we used the “bad” photograph of her seen below, and sent us the charming snapshot pictured above, showing her “preparing to do battle with Althea Flynt.” Before the war starts maybe we should get the facts straight: All we published were pictures from *Sex Change*, a magazine promoted by Angela that details her transformation from Douglas Carl Czinki into whatever she is today. We commented on it like we comment about everything else, and thought we were doing her a favor with all the free publicity. But it seems you just can’t please some people.



Back to Nature

This horny old goat from Fulton County, Georgia, heard the *other* call of nature and decided to put the nearest pussy between a rock and a hard place. Unfortunately, the charges for that call were what you might call fucking steep; he’s currently serving time in the Fulton County jail for fooling around with Mother Nature.

This nature-fuck is courtesy of *Pirate* magazine and is pretty lightweight stuff compared to what usually runs in those pages. The kinky Swedish mag

features hard-core “erotography,” a fancy word for lots of hot pussy fucking everything but the kitchen sink. There’s also a good collection of golden-shower scenes for fans of water-sports.

The text for these uncensored photos is in German and French as well as English, but the writing isn’t going to make you forget Shakespeare. For information contact Private Press AB (Box 17079, S-104, 62 Stockholm 17, Sweden), or check at adult-book stores in your area.

Pet Asshole

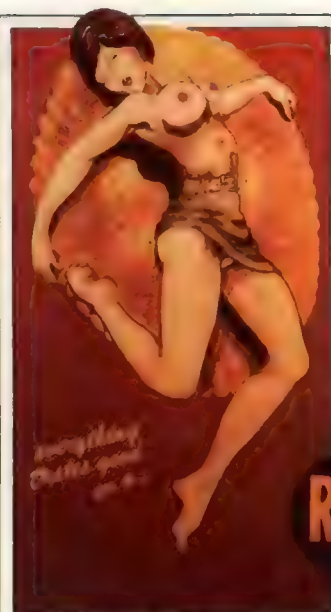


Another asshole product has hit the market, only this one really lives up to its name. You just stick your favorite photo of the lucky winner in the appropriate location and ship it off to him or her. The best thing about it is that even real stupid people get the message, so your friends should have no problem. We started our own alphabetical list down here at the magazine, but we ran out of paper before we finished the A’s. The “World’s Greatest” award can be ordered from D & K Novelties (P.O. Box 2099, Santa Cruz, California 95062). Enclose \$3.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling—and California residents are requested to add 6% sales tax.

Kiddie Litter



If you're tired of pissing away your hard-earned bucks on sheets for a bed-wetting kid, then Kiddie Litter is just the product for you. It's absorbent, deodorized and biodegradable. And it's also good for adults who are full of shit.



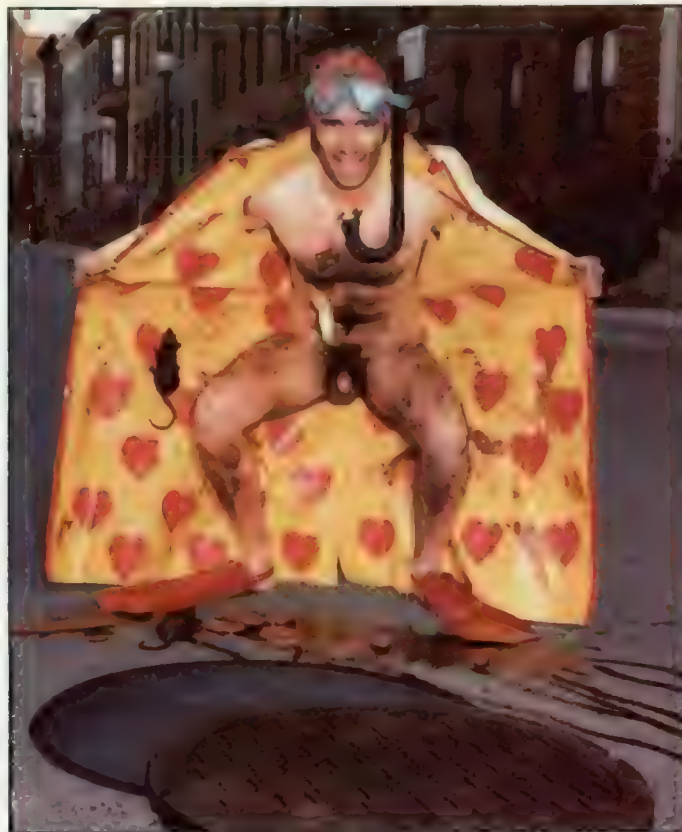
Puttin' on the Ritz

This is one cracker we're sure you wouldn't mind eating in bed, especially if you got to lick up the crumbs. But if you're one of those who prefer doing it doggy-style, then animal crackers would be your thing.



\$5 Muff

Answering our call for "Million Dollar Mommas" (*Bits & Pieces*, May), John Alexander at Leyland, Inc. (317-A Wise Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21222) sent us a book about Marie, who bears a startling resemblance to Marie Osmond except for one little difference—this one has a cunt. This girl, he says, has the fantasy of someday performing with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. You can order *Marie* from Leyland, Inc., for \$5.



Tunnel of Love

Inner city scuba-diving is the Midwest's fastest-growing watersport, mostly because oceans are hard to come by in a wheat field. The smiling geek above is a tour guide for a Kan-

sas City diving club, "The Scumettes." It sounds like pretty shitty work to us, and club members themselves seem to agree that no one comes out smelling like a rose.

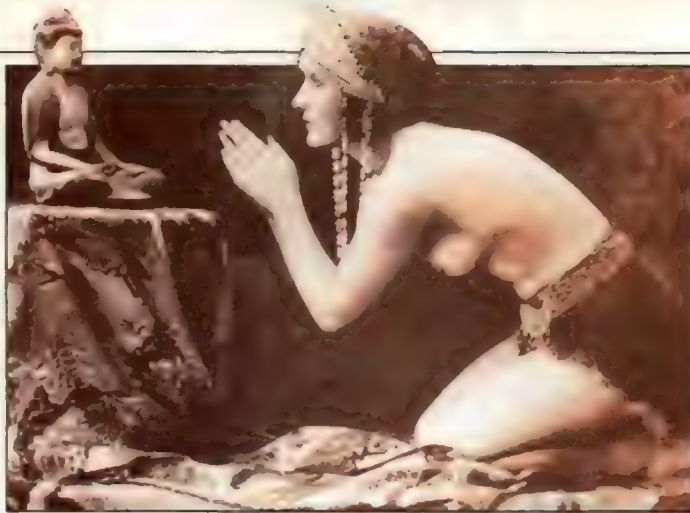
Hanging Around

People seem to get hooked on the strangest little hobbies these days. This swinger from PFI Quarterly is trying to get in touch with the Great White Spirit through the ancient practice of hanging by piercing—sort of a primitive version of long-distance dialing. Once you get past the pain, you're supposed to reach new heights of spiritual ecstasy. Eskimos do it, Hindus do it, and even a now-extinct American Indian tribe did it. That's probably why they all vanished.



Buddha Late Than Never

She doesn't know it, but this horny honey doesn't have a prayer of getting any action out of this little fellow, whose sex life slowed down considerably after he died 2,500 years ago. But maybe if she prays hard enough, he'll be reincarnated as a vibrator.



Hustler Update

ANITA BRYANT
July 1977

You just can't keep a good asshole down.



In *Asshole of the Month* HUSTLER suggested that Anita Bryant should switch from orange juice to prune juice and purge herself of her excess shit. Instead, she must have developed a taste for lemon juice, because her anti-gay crusade is beginning to sour into Americana fanaticism. In September, Anita will launch a syndicated radio show mixing interviews, pop songs, hymns and Scripture readings. She'll also star in a 90-minute TV special to be taped at Gettysburg, Valley Forge, West Point and in the Oklahoma church where she sang as a child.

BILLY CARTER

August 1978

We made Billy Carter our Asshole of the Month for spouting dangerous bullshit about having goons out looking to beat up Larry Flynt just seven weeks before Flynt was shot down in Georgia. Now America's loudest mouth has admitted to being an alcoholic following a seven-week stay at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Long Beach, California. However, Carter has still refused to apologize for his nonstop stupid-ass comments during the last few years, including the Flynt remarks and some anti-Semitic slurs that crept into the press. [See *This Is Your Life*, Billy Carter, beginning on page 51.]



Child's Play

Have you noticed that children are growing up faster than ever

these days, especially if they live in New Jersey? While reforming the state's rape code, the New Jersey legislature approved a provision lowering

the age of sexual consent from 16 to 13 and making sex between even-younger children legal if there is less than four years difference in their ages. When the new law became public, it sparked a huge protest as parents began worrying about their kids getting caught up in scenes like this one from *Zoom* magazine. Under intense pressure the state moved the age of consent back to 16.

And that's really a shame, because all the law did was legalize the natural and healthy urge of children to experiment sexually. It's far better that little Johnny and little Mary discover their sexuality together than at the hands of some molester—the kind of person you produce when you try to repress natural sexual instincts.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"But she asked me to eat her!"

Contributors HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For September, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Ron Kershner, John Kleinman, William McGowan, Bunny O'Hare and William Tunberg.

OOOHH! MR. WIMPLE!

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HU979

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Vicki Scott

Sisters: I am a 14-year-old girl who has always had a strong sexual attraction to other girls, and it's starting to worry me. A few months ago my sister offered me \$5 if I'd suck her pussy. Not only did I do it to her, but I've been doing it to all my friends since then. Lately I've been doing it for free. Does this mean I'm a lesbian?

—J. Y.
Arvida, Quebec, Canada

Taking or not taking money for any sex act is not what determines your sexual orientation. That only constitutes prostitution. You're too young to be pigeonholing yourself as a lesbian. What you've been into so far seems to be a form of experimentation, a learning process.

Try not to form permanent attachments for either men or women. Give yourself some time to experience all the things life has to offer. From 10% to 20% of all adult women have had a lesbian experience at one time or another. But most, research shows, have gone on to lead heterosexual lives. Give yourself some time to grow.

Self-Help: I am a 31-year-old male who masturbates at least once a day. I am interested in finding out new masturbation techniques, and would like to know if you have any suggestions to offer.

—J. C.
Sunnyvale, California

There are more ways to masturbate than you can shake your stick at. You can change the pressure you normally use—try a feathery stroke rather than a hard grip. Change the area you stroke—for example, just the glans rather than the entire shaft. Use anal stimulation, employing a finger, dildo or vibrator. Some men prefer to masturbate in different places (for example, the bathtub or shower). Experiment with different lubricants or substances to rub against or into—a feather pillow, a towel, a bowl of Jell-O or even a love doll or artificial vagina. And don't neglect your fantasies—masturbation needn't be experienced solely through your senses. Use erotic photos or passages from erotic literature and envision yourself in each scene.

Masturbation can also be "mutual"—your female partners can use the same techniques on you that you use on yourself. And for a method that's really rare you might try to discover whether or not you're one of those two or three men out of a thousand who are able to contort themselves so that they can suck themselves off. Anything you want to do or try is quite all right so long as there's no possibility of harming yourself.

Horny Swabby: I'm out in the middle of the North Atlantic on one of the Navy's greatest vessels. While I'm sailing the seven seas, my wife is home pregnant. She wrote me a letter saying that she will be in her seventh month when I get home and that we won't be able to have intercourse until one month after she gives birth. I would like to know why two such horny people as we'll be should have to wait.

—J. N.
Mayport, Florida

Unless your wife's doctor has warned her against sexual activity because of some possible complications or risk in her particular case, there's no reason you can't engage in at least some form of sex during the last two months she is pregnant. The biggest problem may be the sheer size of her belly. You'll have to work on comfortable positions that won't put pressure on her abdomen. A rear-entry position with both partners on hands and knees works well, as does the "spoon" position. Many women can engage in sex until a few days before giving birth. Use good judgment, and when it gets uncomfortable, try mutual masturbation.

For about two weeks after the birth, though, your wife will notice a bloody substance called lochia, which is the remains of the uterine lining and other placental material being broken down and discharged from the vagina. She may not be particularly interested in sex for a time because she may go through a period of depression known

as postpartum blues. And she may have some pain from her episiotomy stitches; the area between the vagina and anus often tears when the baby is born, and has to be stitched. It usually takes about six weeks for the uterus to return to normal, and it is best to postpone sex with a new mother until she's had her six-week follow-up exam just to make sure everything is OK again. Even then, it's often a matter of good sense.

Have your wife check back with her doctor to be sure there are no special risks. He may simply have suggested that waiting period because it is the conventional thing to do.

Too Tight: I am a 21-year-old single woman with a very annoying problem. I have a good sexual relationship with my lover, but on occasion my pussy won't open up enough to allow penetration. (He has a thick cock, and this might be the problem.) Most of the time we are successful. But sometimes we try every position we can think of and he still can't get it in. What can we do?

—A. L.
Normal, Illinois

The very best suggestion is to relax. Take a few deep breaths and let your muscles go limp. If you're anxious or tense, the entrance to the vagina will also tense up. And trying to then force the penis in will only result in more tension.

Also, be sure that your foreplay has allowed you enough time to become well-lubricated. Your



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Just think of it
as a regular part of
living.



**American Cancer
Society**

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER AS A PUBLIC SERVICE

lover can help stimulate and prepare you with his fingers. He might also add a bit of lubrication, such as K-Y, to his fingertips. Properly stimulated and relaxed, any adult vagina can accommodate even the largest penis.

If, after trying all of these techniques, you still have a penetration problem, consult your physician.

Auto-Erotic: I masturbate about six times a week. Sometimes I even get blisters on my cock. But whenever I have a lady friend over, I have trouble getting erect, and I think all that masturbation might have something to do with it. What can I do?

—R. A.
Orlando, Florida

Masturbation can affect your sex life—if you worry about it. But it's also a good technique for learning about your own sexual responses. As far as the blisters go, you may be exerting too much pressure when you masturbate. You're probably missing the softer, moister sensations you get with a vagina.

Perhaps you should be more gentle with your cock so your nerve endings pick up more subtle pressures. And one thing to keep in mind about masturbation: Your mind, hand and cock all work as one, hand in hand as it were. It's possible to become spoiled by your own hand and to become too lazy to make the effort to have satisfying sexual intercourse with a woman.

Bare Balls: I've always enjoyed the sight of shaved pussies. One day I decided to shave all the hair from around my balls and cock to see how it would look on me. The sight turned me on, and it also increased the sensations I got while fucking. My wife says she would rather I let my hair grow back. Do you think there are many men who shave their genitals?

—D. E.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Although it's not a common practice, it is by no means rare. While shaved pubes are quite a turn-on for some women (and obviously for you), a cut or razor burn on your penis or scrotum would certainly be painful. Take great care not to cut the many veins and arteries in your groin area. Your wife may not mind the bald look as much as the scraping of pubic stubble.

Bloody Best: My sexual urges really rise when I'm on my period. My problem is that it's very hard to get my husband to make love to me then. I actually have to jump on him by the fifth day. What can I do to break his shell?

—P. M.
Gary, Indiana

First of all, find out exactly what your husband's reservations are—is it too messy, or does he think it's unhealthy? Sex during your period might be slightly messy, but that doesn't mean, as the old traditions had it, that you are "unclean." Neither should he believe that it's unhealthy for either of you to engage in sex at that time; there's no medical reason to believe that.

There are things you can do to make sex neater during that time of the month. Wait a day or two

after your period starts—the flow won't be as heavy. And a simple plastic disposable diaper under you will prevent stains. You can use a diaphragm, which will hold back the flow.

You should try to convince your husband of the benefits to him. A good orgasm will reduce your menstrual cramps and tensions, making you an all-round easier person to live with at that time. And he wouldn't have to go horny one week of every month either.

Dreamboat: Recently I had a wet dream. I dreamed I was locked in a large room with red-velvet walls. In the center of the room was a large bed, and lying on the bed was a beautiful naked woman. I went over to her, and we made love like I have never made love in my life. Two weeks ago I walked into a drugstore, and there she was—the woman in my dream, working behind the counter. Should I go back there and tell her about the dream—and probably get a slap across the face? Or should I just see what happens?

—G. C.
Ellsworth, Maine

Get to know the lady before you tell her she's your dreamgirl; otherwise she might think it's just a line you're feeding her. Tell her about it at just the right intimate moment, though, and it could make great fantasy material for both of you. But remember—she may look like your dreamgirl, but dreams don't always come true.

Top-Heavy: I have always heard that women like men with big-headed dicks. Well, the head of mine is the size of a doorknob, and my wife is not too crazy about it. Whenever we have sex, we get stuck together. The doctor says her pelvis is normal, so it may be that our method is at fault. Is there a way we can screw without this happening?

—M. J.
Jamestown, Kentucky

Maybe yours is the first true case of "penis captivus," although that seems highly unlikely. Dogs and other animals do get "hung up" (as it's commonly called). The male dog has a bone in his penis that allows easy entry before he's erect; his penis then swells inside the bitch, and he can't get free until he ejaculates. Because of anatomical differences that doesn't happen to human beings.

Your wife's vagina probably momentarily tightens around your penis because of sexual tension or muscle spasms. Try using an extra bit of lubricant. Or wait until you've ejaculated and your penis is no longer so stiff before you withdraw. This extra time will also give your wife a moment to relax her muscles.

Hormones: When I was ten years old I developed an allergy to bubble bath and had blood in my urine. The treatment included injections in my penis. I'm 19 now and very worried about my sexual development. I have very little facial and body hair, and my penis measures only 1½" soft and 3½" hard. It was recommended that I visit an endocrinologist for a hormonal evaluation, but that would be expensive. Do you think those

(continued on page 34)



DAVID TRESLED.

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way that will raise your
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"JOHN HOLMES & SERENA"

The incomparable "Johnny
Wad" of Porno gets it on
with the Super Sex Bomb,
Serena. Qui Magazine's
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Leslie Bovee, Porn
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Sweetheart, joins in the
action!



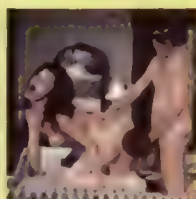
"ACT OF LOVE"

Penthouse Cover Girl
Cindy Burke discovers
sex with her muscular
boyfriend in the most
explosive film ever to
come from top PornMaker
Laslo Bram



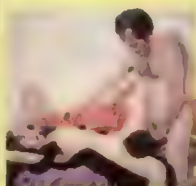
"LICK MY LOLLIPOP"

What this beautiful miss
does with a lollipop has
to be seen to be believed.
Then her boyfriend
arrives and shows her
where the licking is really
good!



"GETTING OFF ON GINNY"

Ginger Jensen, Penthouse
Cover Girl in a sizzling
scene with her lover who
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a whole month! All
Ginger's pent up feelings
explode in an erotic
frenzy that you won't soon
forget!



"SEX SLAVE"

She's a naughty girl, but
Porn Super Star John
Seedman doesn't take 'No'
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to change her mind. Hot!!

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Michael Stott

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week, yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function quite seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

Serena

Although the title implies that this film is simply a showcase for veteran porn masochist Serena, it's actually an adaptation of the Cinderella tale, albeit top-heavy with lesbian and sadomasochistic vignettes. The story is the usual lame crap, but the film moves along well thanks to Serena herself, an attractive supporting cast and some good camera work. The plot goes like this: Cindy (Serena) is the house slave to a pack of wicked dominatrices. This is explained by an appetizing Eurasian narrator and "godmother" (China Leigh) who likes to rub her snatch against her goddaughter's pussy.

At the onset Serena drops her household duties and lacquers the edge of a wall with her cooze juice while watching a statuesque dominatrix (Lotta Leggs) force-feed hair pie to a handcuffed wimp (Gary Baron). Next, she's called from scrubbing the floor to go down on the clean-shaven cunt of another ball-buster (Natasha Raphael) while being ass-fucked by her real-life loverboy, Jamie Gillis. A pail of scrub water is then flung over her body as a reward for a job well-done.

This, I suppose, leads by natural transition to the next scene, where she must bathe and service her four dominatrices in the shower. Events



'Serena' is a must-see showcase for Serena fans and S&M aficionados.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

proceed in this manner for three-fourths of the film, with Serena being generally fucked over until the cute Oriental "godmother" sends her to the "ball."

The story, as I mentioned before, is a bunch of crap, but it's rendered palatable by the foxy cast, which includes (besides those mentioned) an attractive blonde named Marlene Munroe and a bounteous brunette who calls herself Norma Gene. Moreover, there's some good camera work and composition in the final fuck scenes, in which the leading lady meets her Prince Charming (Paul Thomas).

Thankfully, the soundtrack during these scenes is confined to oohs, aahs and slurps, thus saving the audience's ears from the mostly lame dialogue that prevails throughout the rest of the picture.

In conclusion, *Serena* is a must-see for Serena fans and no mean deal for all other dyke and S&M aficionados.

—Frank Fortunato

Jack 'n Jill



For my money director Chuck Vincent makes the most entertaining films in porn. He has a good sense of both humor and timing, a good camera eye and the ability to render fresh interpretations of shopworn themes—which is more than I can say for the vast majority of his colleagues. His emphasis is on entertainment, and while there are plenty of imaginative and horny scenes in *Jack 'n Jill*, the sex is often nudged aside by the laughs. And this is the only reason why the film doesn't rate a full erection.

On the male side of the ledger *Jack 'n Jill* stars ex-gay-film star Jack Wrangler. This marks his third consecutive "straight" role, and the boys at the local bathhouse are probably pining for him. Actually, Wrangler is quite good as the Jack of the film's title, and he achieves a high degree of lusty screen chemistry with Jill (Samantha Fox).

In terms of language the opening scene is easily the



In *'Jack 'n Jill'* the emphasis seems to be on humor, not on sex; still, the film does have its hot moments.

filthiest (and one of the funniest) I have ever encountered in a porn film. Wrangler, dressed conservatively, opens his door to find an irate, foul-mouthed woman in a cheap platinum wig. Demanding \$50 for her services, the floozie chases him around his apartment. For ten minutes they call each other "cunt," "faggot," "scumbag," "cocksucker," "shithead," "douche bag" and every other name you can think of while simultaneously fucking and sucking each other's brains out. Finally, the strumpet whips off her wig, revealing herself to be his wife, Jill. The entire scene had been one of their little marital games.

The rest of the film is bound up with the tired theme of the couple's introduction to the swinging life. However, it is a credit to Vincent's filmmaking ability that the story remains interesting. First, our fun couple swing—awkwardly—with their best friends, Peter and Claire (Eric Edwards and Merle Michaels). Next, they answer a swingers' ad and wind up in a fiasco of an orgy with a pair of screwball actors (Roger Caine and Vanessa Del Rio). Their idea of theater is to put on a sexual exhibition while performing *Romeo and Juliet*, and this is probably the first and last time that Juliet's lines will be read with a heavy Puerto Rican accent and end with:

"Fuck me for Chakespeare!"

The buffoonery/sex mixture continues through a series of high-energy vignettes, and ends with the irrepressible Annie Sprinkle performing a rimjob on a tied-and-bound Wrangler. *Jack 'n Jill* has its share of hot moments. It's well-worth a visit.

—F. F.

Satin Suite

If you can make it past the opening minutes of this film, you'll probably like it. *Satin Suite* is the story of "Eighteen Magazine" and its unscrupulous and ambitious editor, Lauren Falconetti (Samantha Fox). In the first scene a young model named Sandra (Heather Young) visits Falconetti to apply for a job. Lauren immediately calls her "a sniveling nothing." There's no apparent reason for this, unless the writer thought it was a good line and wanted to get it in the script early before he forgot it.

Events progress equally haphazardly for a while, and I was about to slip down in my seat with thoughts of sneaking a snooze when the flick turned around with some surprisingly imaginative bursts of sex. Twice as surprising was the dialogue, which suddenly improved to the point where it at least made sense. It's as if the

producers somehow got their second wind a quarter of the way through the project.

We soon learn that editor Falconetti has clawed her way to the top of the magazine business via bribes, deceit and blackmail. One interesting bribe involves a client whom a Falconetti model takes to lunch in a car wash. The scene is well-edited: As the "hot wax" sign flashes, the client shoots a copious wad of jism all over the limo's rear seat.

Deceit is involved when Falconetti lures her broken-down ex-accountant from his flophouse home back into the business. Together they plot to bilk the company of its financial resources. The blackmail scene concerns an IRS agent (Eric Edwards), who is accosted on a Staten Island ferry by another model (Arcadia). She pretends to be underage after giv-



'Suite' is worth seeing; it's an honest effort with sound production values.






'For Richer, For Poorer' borrows heavily from Paul Mazursky's Oscar nominee, 'An Unmarried Woman.'

ing him a wet and amusing blowjob as the boat courses through New York Harbor.

Satin Suite is an honest effort with sound production values throughout. Apart from the shaky beginning, it's a good buy for your money. —F. F.

For Richer, For Poorer

 You have to give Gerard (Deep Throat) Damiano some credit for making this film. Besides being an honest effort, *For Richer, For Poorer* tries to convey its narrative with—dare I say it?—tasteful eroticism. Unfortunately, the story itself is a basketful of clichés, and even the hard-core sex never really hits the mark. The film borrows heavily from Paul Mazursky's *An Unmarried Woman*—a recent Oscar nominee that chronicles the predicament of a long-married woman suddenly dumped by her husband.

Damiano handles the dumping sequence in the first several minutes of the film. Gina (Georgina Spelvin) is having dinner with her husband (Richard Bolla) when he abruptly tells her he's picking up stakes. She swallows this news without even a whispered "fuck you," but within a few minutes she's spinning around the now-empty house wondering what happened.

Just as suddenly, she lapses

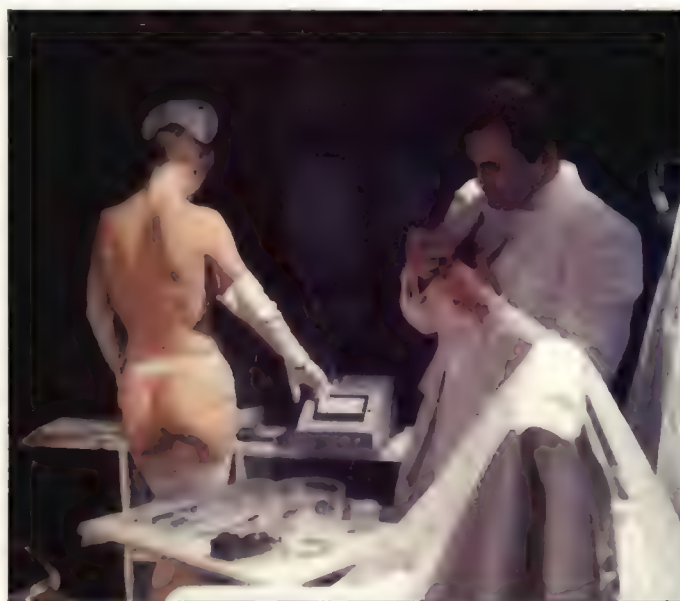
into a series of lewd fantasies. In an artsy-pretentious sequence—with her estranged husband as a fantasy guide—Gina gets down. First, she makes it with a young chick dressed in gold spray paint (Debbie Revenge), and then with her husband while dressed as a dominatrix. Finally, the golden girl shaves Gina's snatch, and her husband plays gynecologist by giving her an elaborate internal.

Despite these incidents, the film's hottest sequence is a gratuitous blowjob by a good-looking redhead (Kasey Rodgers) on an anonymous pecker. In

the context of the story this blowjob is supposed to be symbolic of Gina's needs. However, all it really symbolizes is how to give good head.

The remainder of the film involves Gina's new loverboy, Andrew (Bobby Astyr), and their dancing, cavorting courtship through the streets of New York. It's all rather sentimental and corny. Their lovemaking is just that—tasteful, gentle, but without much erotic impact. Because of this, *For Richer, For Poorer* is a film that you want to like but can't. It remains, ultimately, a clichéd soap opera with some explicit sex. —F. F.

While the eroticism in 'Richer/Poorer' is tasteful, it lacks impact.



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Babylon Pink
Bad Penny
Desires Within Young Girls
Easy
MisBehavin'
Sex Roulette

Three-Quarters Erect

A Woman's Torment
Anna Obsessed
Another Love,
Another Place
Candy Strippers
Debbie Does Dallas
Fiona on Fire
800 Fantasy Lane
Happy Holiday
People
Pretty Peaches
Sex World
The Other Side of Julie
The Pleasure Palace

Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings
Carnal Games
China Sisters
Here Comes the Bride
Hot Cookies
Invasion of the
Love Drones
Laura's Desires
Little Orphan Dusty (Dusty)
Pizza Girls
Pussycat Ranch
Skin Flicks
The China Cat
The Little Blue Box
The New York Babes
The Senator's Daughter
The Untamed

One-Quarter Erect

Blue Perfume
From Holly With Love
Hot Honey
Hot Lunch
Hot Rackets
Nite Bird

Totally Limp

Daddy
Fur Trap

BOOKS

Edited by Michael Stott

Beauty and the Beast

By Chris Achilleos; a Fireside Book from Simon and Schuster; \$7.95

There's a strong undercurrent of forced bestiality in Chris Achilleos's paintings. His female subjects are usually topless, and if they haven't already been banged by some slimy or metallic extraterrestrial prick, they're just about to be! Where else but in your nightmares can your eyes feast upon a big-titted Amazon bloodying her sword on a creature who's got the face of a crocodile, the buns of a man and the hair of Farrah Fawcett-Majors?

Even though *Beauty and the Beast* carries the reader across a dreamlike landscape, there's a harsh reality evident in his work that's not as fantastic as it seems. The paintings suggest that life is a never-ending erotic conflict. Achilleos captures the frenzy of this eroticism, and leaves it up to the viewer to figure out the rest.

In the foreword the artist admits that his female creations are "pure fantasy, as perfect as possible." Accordingly, even the portions of *Beauty* that hint at lesbianism and S&M project a fresh-scrubbed innocence worthy of Cheryl Tiegs. And Achilleos's women seem very level-headed and practical about their sexuality. One of his beauties is masturbating on the back of a giant flying insect; another is fingering her nipple during a brief respite from the

The colorful paintings in 'Beauty and the Beast' suggest that life is a never-ending erotic conflict.



man-made slaughter. In short, these honeys are pretty spontaneous when it comes to feeling good, and there's no reason why their enthusiasm shouldn't rub off on you. —Larry McClain

The Lonely Guy's Book of Life

By Bruce Jay Friedman; McGraw-Hill Book Company; \$8.95

"Sex is too important to be sloughed off," observes self-appointed Lonely Guy Bruce Jay Friedman in his new book. "Never before has so much of it been available to so many, including the undeserving. It is your responsibility, as a Lonely

Guy, and as an American, to go out and get some. . . ."

Friedman is one of the leading humor writers in America today (he's been twice published in CHIC, our sister magazine), and *The Lonely Guy's Book of Life* is a fine example of his off-the-wall style. Defining the Lonely Guys of his title as dudes who "tend to be a little bald and look as if they had been badly shaken up in a bus accident," Friedman has created a hilarious recipe book of suggested reactions to the grim challenges besetting most solitary males. There's no plot to it; the book is essentially a collection of smartass observations arranged according to topic: the apartment, cooking, at the beach and, of course,

"Sex and the Lonely Guy."

The book drips with "practical" advice the way a lonely guy's bathroom sponge drips with accumulated hairs. "Talcum powder," he notes, "is excellent for after-shower grooming so long as you don't snort or swallow it. There is no known antidote for swallowed talcum powder. The Lonely Guy who has it in him will have to resign himself to a life with powdered internal organs."

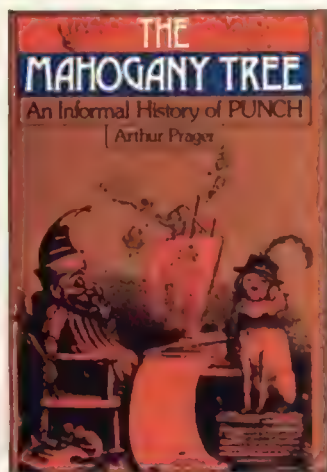
Friedman advises the Lonely Guy to simply be himself around women. "If you read HUSTLER," he opines, "don't hide the latest issue in the breadbox just because a woman is on the way." But when it comes to female orgasms, there's no reason why one shouldn't take the initiative in recognizing them: "You can be a good friend by helping to spot them as they turn up, hollering: 'There's one right there!'"

There are a few flat moments in the book where Friedman seems to be working very hard to sound spontaneous, but these are more than balanced out by the many times that his humor sneaks up and hits you hard on the funnybone. Since one man's giggle is another man's retch, the author wisely includes enough punch lines to offer something useful to just about everybody.

—Jack Jardine



The female creations in 'Beauty and the Beast' are pure fantasy, with an undercurrent of bestiality.



The Mahogany Tree

By Arthur Prager; Hawthorn Books, Inc.; \$15

The odd title of this book refers to the antique mahogany table that still sits in the *Punch* offices in London. Every Wednesday for more than a century the senior editors and artists (together with the occasional distinguished visitor—Mark Twain, Prince Charles) have sat around it in varying degrees of alcoholic stupor to plan the forthcoming issue. The tabletop is carved with the initials of all who've been invited to sit there; yet only 79 sets of letters can be found on it—an indication of the exclusiveness and longevity of the staff.

Punch began as a protest journal dedicated to "undying opposition to debtor's prison, capital punishment and other abuses." Nevertheless, it has always been a humor magazine, and continually proves the old adage that the best way to destroy an antisocial tendency is to laugh it into submission. Consequently, it is a political magazine as well, and has suffered the fate of many journals throughout history that have attacked the powers that be: It was temporarily banned in Russia, Austria and France, and Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany once retaliated against a joke at his expense by putting a price on the editor's head.

It took 132 years before the word *fuck* was first allowed to grace *Punch's* pages; yet the original editors were no prudes. Prager recreates those early discussions around the table from diaries kept by the participants. They were bawdy meetings,

especially by Victorian standards, and enlivened by jokes like the one about the female Quaker who was forced to sit on a strange man's lap in a crowded horse-bus. "Friend," she says, "I fear I've given thee a stiff member." (Loud laughter, and two editors fall drunk down the stairs.)

Now, of course, you'll find full frontal nudity in *Punch* cartoons, together with jokes about gays, sadomasochists, foot-fetishists and Americans. (Yanks have been a constant target of the magazine ever since it came out in favor of the South during the Civil War; *Punch* considered the Confederacy the more "gentlemanly" side.)

The Mahogany Tree is a somewhat specialized book, and you won't enjoy it much unless you're interested in the history of humor and how it's developed over the years. But if that is your interest, you'll find the book to be an exquisitely written volume containing better than 75 cartoons and illustrations from *Punch*. Prager has told the story of the magazine with a fine eye for detail and a genuine love of British wit. (Remarkable, really, considering he's a Yank!)

—M. S.

Vargas

By Alberto Vargas and Reid Austin; Harmony Books; \$14.95

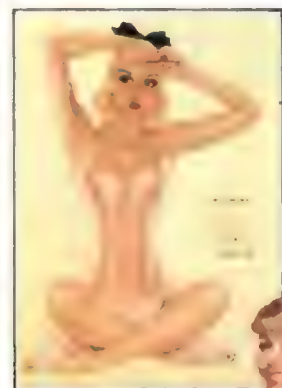
It's hard to imagine that the familiar soft-toned watercolor nudes of Alberto Vargas ever aroused the wrath of the pious—but it happened. During the 1940s Vargas's paintings were featured monthly in *Esquire*, and they quickly became the favorite pinups of American GIs overseas. In August 1943 the U.S. Postal Department issued *Esquire* a summons to show cause why the magazine should continue to hold a fourth-class mailing permit. The Post Office wanted to revoke *Esquire's* permit on the grounds of obscenity, and what it objected to most strongly was the monthly Vargas girl. It was a heartening example of our government protecting the morals of the men who'd been slogging through rivers of blood and mud on Guadalcanal.

Vargas gives you a chance to see what the fuss was all about. Alberto Vargas was born in Peru in 1896 and came to America 20 years later. But it wasn't until he began to paint pinups during the '40s that his name became familiar to the public.

Through the '50s, '60s and '70s the Vargas girl shed more and more of her clothing, and occasionally exposed a glimpse of pubic hair. She got younger too, especially in her *Playboy* period. Her bust expanded noticeably, and her poses became less restrained. (Early Vargas girls were often pictured clutching their breasts. The artist painted them that way to avoid nipple exposure; the device had the happy consequence of making the paintings that much more sexual.)

Today Alberto Vargas is America's premier erotic artist, although he no longer works for *Esquire* or *Playboy*. His book has color (although the majority of the pictures are in black-and-white), and the commentary by Reid Austin is readable and informative. The girls, from 1920 until today, are all knockouts. Not only is Vargas's watercolor technique without peer in his field, but he has a way of capturing facial expressions and tilts of the head that has always made his pinups more alive than those of other painters. At \$14.95, *Vargas* is a bargain. You'll enjoy it whether you're a student of erotic art, or just a student of naked ladies.

—Ben Pesta



'Vargas' chronicles almost 60 years of knockout pinups from the brush of America's premier erotic artist.



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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 26)

injections in my penis could have caused my present problem? —M. B.

Atlantic City, New Jersey

It is doubtful whether penile injections would cause such problems. The penis itself has nothing to do with the production of hormones or development of sexual characteristics. But the infection or allergy you had may have spread from the bladder into your testicles—which do produce hormones—affecting your sexual growth in puberty. It would be wise to go ahead with the hormonal evaluation. Ask your employer whether you're covered by medical insurance.

Show and Tell: My wife and I have a very happy sex life. But over the past year we became bored with our sexual routine and wanted to add some spice to it, so we started making love in the back row of movie theaters. Now we try to have sex in public at least once or twice a month. We'd like to know if this is normal and wise. —Y. A.
San Francisco, California

The nice thing about sex is that it's portable—it goes with you everywhere. It may, therefore, be normal to act on your sexual urges in public, but it's not always wise, because society draws a distinction between private and public activities. If you enjoy the thrill of taking chances, at least choose your spot carefully. A darkened theater, especially an adult theater, is probably a safe bet. On the other hand police have been known to draw their weapons on unsuspecting lovers in remote "sparking" lots, even in liberalized California. Being thrown in jail for indecent exposure or public indecency (defined as sexual acts or lewd displays occurring "where the conduct may reasonably be expected to be viewed by others") would tend to put a damper on your lovemaking. Be careful.

Liquid of Desire: My wife believes that our lovemaking is different from everybody else's. Her orgasm is the most extraordinary phenomenon I have ever encountered. When she comes she literally floods the bed. This hot liquid squirting around my penis and balls is a terrific sensation to feel. But it's also thrilling to watch her come; the more intense her orgasm the more fluid she squirts. The problem is that we can ruin a mattress in a couple of weeks. Do you have any suggestions? —B. W.
St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada

Normally, the vaginal walls and the Bartholin's glands do not produce enough moisture to flood a bed. It seems more likely that your wife's intense orgasms result in what is called stress incontinence—a small amount of urine gushes out involuntarily. A gynecologist would be able to tell your wife if this is the case with her, and may be able to give some helpful hints. But if you're not all that worried about it and don't want it "cured," you can use rubber sheets under the bedclothes or a plastic, zippered "envelope" that stays on the mattress permanently.

For nearly a year a small group of middle-class men and women has met every weekend in Piedmont, an affluent San Francisco suburb. The group meets for one primary function—to obtain emotional and sexual fulfillment from flagellation.

I first learned about the group from a college acquaintance who is a member and who, for the purpose of this report, I'll call "Isaac." He's an optometrist, and he made arrangements for me to attend a few meetings as an observer. (At the group's request all names have been changed.)

The meetings take place in a spacious, Colonial-style six-bedroom house owned by a contractor named "Andy." He and his wife "Barbara" have three children—a boy aged eight and two girls aged 11 and 13. The kids spend every Saturday night at the home of another member who employs an overnight baby-sitter. The other parents in the group make similar arrangements; all use the excuse that it is "bridge night."

Andy and Barbara sat down with me before the first session began and told me in detail about the childhood experiences that led them to their present way of life. Both Andy and Barbara were spanked as children, Andy by his mother and father, and Barbara by an unmarried uncle who lived with her family (her father died when she was five). These childhood spankings were never severe in either case; they continued for Andy until he was 14 and for Barbara until she was 16.

For Barbara the sexual aspect of the spankings she received from her uncle became evident to her shortly after her 13th birthday. "I was real cute-looking then," she said, "long, coltish legs and two blond ponytails. Waiting to be spanked one day, I suddenly got this delicious, wet feeling between my legs. I got goose-pimpling all over, and I thought I was going to faint."

Barbara's uncle soon became aware of the effects his spankings had on the girl,

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



THE AFFLUENT SPANKERS

by Michael Stott

and he began to ritualize the events in an effort to accentuate their eroticism for both of them. She would have to wear his favorite skirt—a loose wrap-around made of squared gingham—and stand bent-over in the middle of the den, allowing him to undress her slowly while she kept her buttocks pushed out. After he'd lifted up her skirt and folded it across her back, he'd pull her panties down past her knees, ordering her to spread her legs a fraction until her calvès kept the panties stretched tight. He would then stand behind her, lecturing the girl on her behavior. During this waiting period Barbara would experience a sensation of tension and

suspense that was even more pleasurable than the spanking itself or the subsequent orgasm. It was a feeling of shame and helplessness, of being completely in the power of another. She wanted to be spanked, and at the same time she dreaded the idea.

After keeping her in suspense Barbara's uncle would usually spank her with his open palm very low down on her buttocks, and sometimes even between her legs—all the while holding her around her young chest with his left hand, sometimes exerting gentle pressure on her nipples with his finger and thumb. The spankings reddened her buns considerably but were not really brutal, and after several minutes she would react with a combination of violent muscular spasms and sobs. At this point he would stop the spanking and caress her ass cheeks to soothe away the pain. Then she had to kiss him, ritually and symbolically—first his hand and then his lips.

Barbara described these experiences as intensely moving and satisfying—so satisfying, in fact, that she used to invent fictitious misdeeds in order to be punished further.

Barbara and Andy had met while attending the University of California at Berkeley. Barbara had dated several men without sado-masochistic incident before she met Andy. One evening he got mad at her for some reason while they were sitting in his car. He promptly pulled down her panties and belabored her buns, and the same evening they made love for the first time together, and she agreed to marry him.

Andy's childhood experiences were much less deliberately erotic than Barbara's had been. One of two brothers, he was sometimes spanked by his mother and strapped by his father, a longshoreman. But the only time he felt anything remotely resembling a sexual sensation was when he witnessed the same punishment being applied to his younger brother.

Once or twice Andy would try halfheartedly to spank the girls he dated while in high school, but with no particularly erotic results. Then he met Barbara. From the beginning they used spanking and even whipping with a riding crop as a prelude to lovemaking.

It did not occur to them to involve anyone else in their private life until a year before the time I met them. Barbara had been visiting Isaac, her optometrist, on a professional basis for a couple of years, and he had become a close family friend. One evening they invited him over for dinner. After the meal, when the children were in bed, they all had a little too much to drink. Both Andy and Barbara had known for some time that Isaac was a homosexual, but thought nothing of it. Yet it was not until that evening that he admitted to his masochistic tendencies.

At that point the two of them stripped Isaac's clothes off and, giggling like kids, began to spank him. Then they not only spanked each other in his presence, but also phoned up Isaac's boyfriend to come over and join them, which he did with great pleasure. After that they decided to meet regularly.

The novelty of these meetings began to wear thin after a few weeks, and they decided to look for one or two more couples. At no time was it suggested that

anyone swap partners, and later in the group's history two of the couples who swapped wives for the evening were very nearly blackballed because of it. Similarly, as the group has now become quite rigid and formal in its structure, no actual sex play or male ejaculation takes place in the group setting, unless it is accidental. Sex play and orgasm are, of course, the ultimate aims of the games, but the members retire to the privacy of a bedroom for this when they have been sufficiently stimulated.

On meeting nights the members arrive at Andy and Barbara's house after dinner, at about 8:00 p.m. They go straight to the bedrooms reserved for them and change clothes. The men wear anything from a full suit of pajamas to a bikini brief or jockstrap. The women wear bikinis (sometimes topless), babydoll nightgowns with matching panties, or stripper's G-strings.

The couples assemble in Andy's central den around a big, wood-burning fireplace. The host collects \$10 from each couple to cover the cost of incidental expenses (liquor, pot, laundry), and after 40 minutes or so of relaxation and socializing the first game is played.

Barbara hands each member a paddle from a wooden chest of S&M paraphernalia, and the group forms two parallel lines, each person facing forward,

one behind the other. Andy, meanwhile, has put on a jazz record.

When the music starts, the person at the back of each team runs up to the front of the other line and begins to crawl through the open legs of the opposing team, the members of which paddle the crawler's ass. When the crawler has reached the end of this painful gauntlet, that person runs up the side and becomes the first member of his or her own team. At this point the next one begins to run, and the first team to be standing at attention after all its members have participated is the winner. Each loser has to beg a whipping from a member of the winning team. In most cases the losers pick winners of the opposite sex, who take them across their laps for a "victory paddle" that can be as long or ferocious as the winner chooses. But there is no real brutality.

Card games are also played, with the points or winnings paid off with spansks. When all the players are sufficiently blistered, they disperse with their original partners to the bedrooms.

Apart from the two homosexual members, the group's full complement of eight couples are married, affluent and sober professionals with no outward signs of neurosis. Six couples have children, and ten of the 16 members voted Republican in the last election. Most of the married couples believe in corporal punishment for their children, and are not alarmed by the possibility that such treatment might encourage future sadomasochistic feelings in the kids. Four couples attend church regularly.

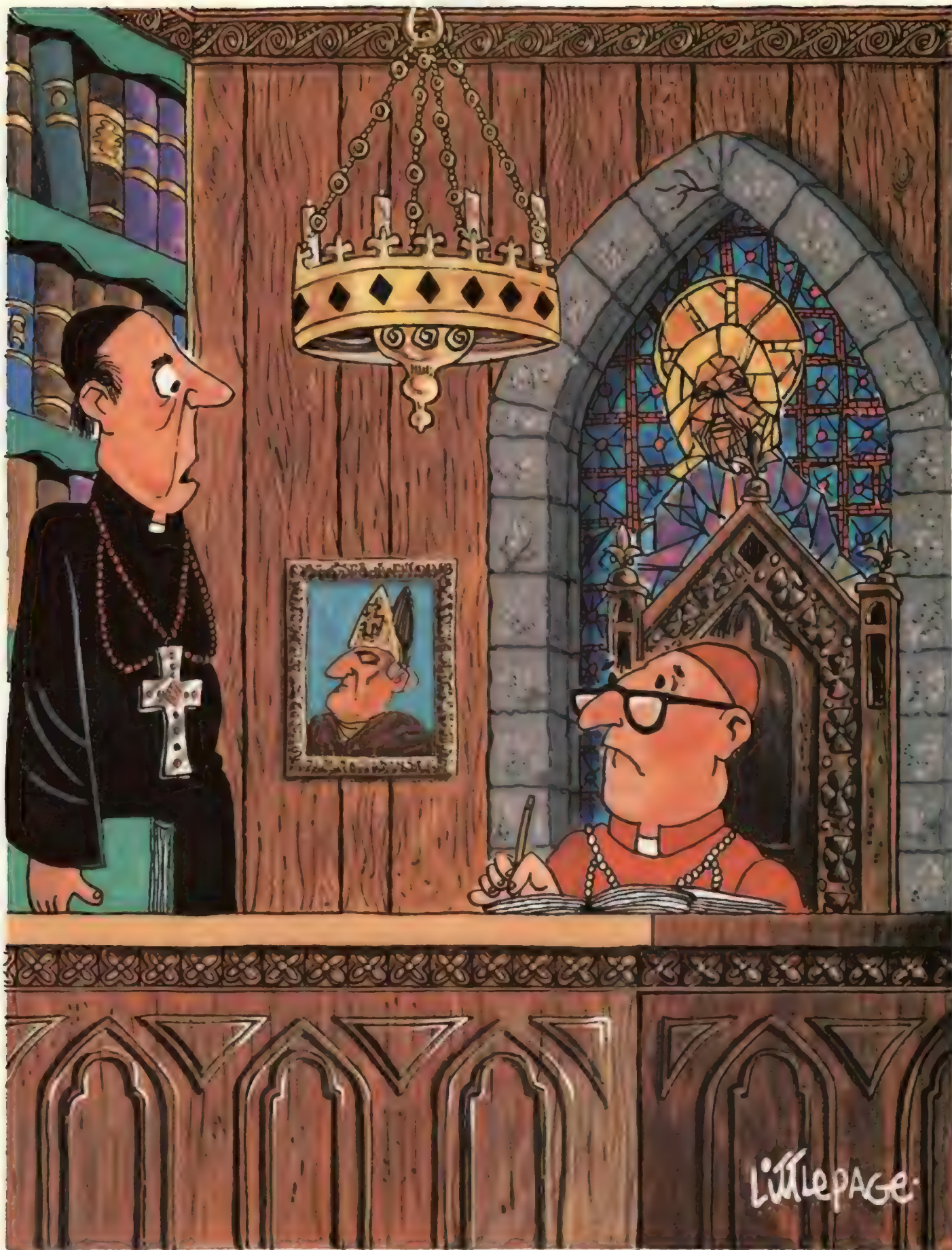
Dr. James Reinhardt, in his widely read college-level text *Sex Perversions and Sex Crimes*, maintains that "sadism and masochism tend to bring about the degeneration of the total personality. . . . The victims are innocent and helpless people. . . . The sadist heeds no warnings and is insensitive to consequences."

Such a general indictment doesn't seem to fit the Piedmont spankers. All the members of the club agree that they are more comfortable with their sexuality than they were before joining and that interacting with others whom they like and trust has made them feel less lonely and isolated.

The members of the "bridge club" are perhaps self-indulgent in their deliberate and regular pursuit of group sensuality through pain, and they are certainly exhibitionistic. But in an age where the pursuit of pleasure has become as frantic and uncontrolled as the search for gold in 1849, the comparative self-control of the Piedmont spankers is noteworthy indeed.



"It's a ten-minute break, Finster! It's not my problem if you can't come in ten minutes!"



*"Bad news, Your Eminence. The devil just got saved at a Ruth Carter Stapleton crusade
and now we're out of business."*



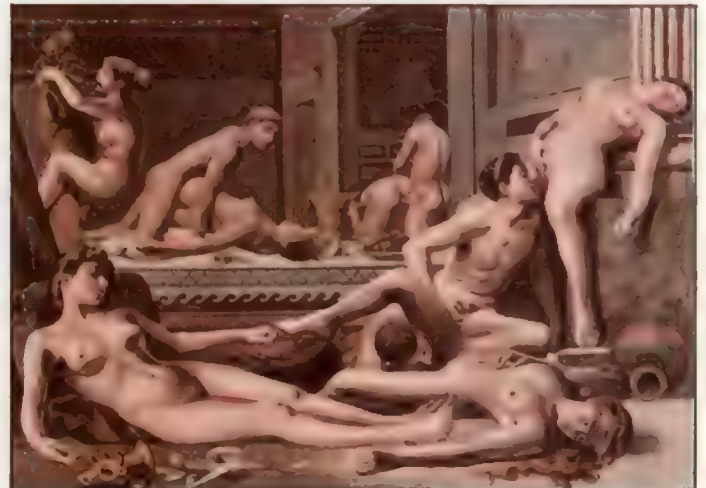
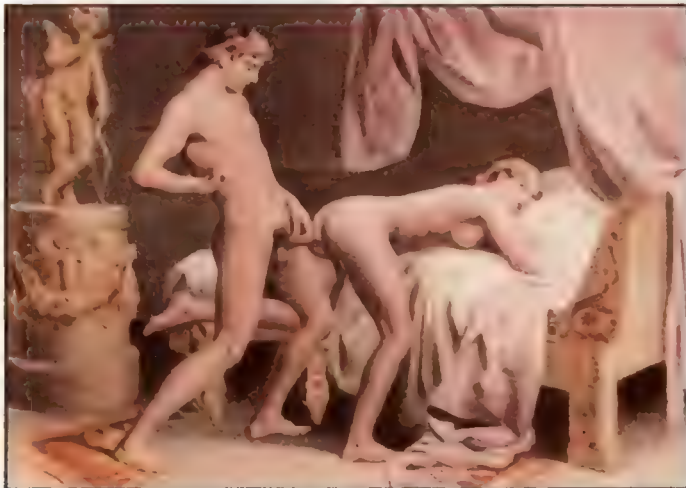
The Fall of the Greek and Roman Empires

Analysis by Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen

In an effort to prevent sexual information and sexually explicit material from reaching the American public, many contemporary moralists and puritans carry around with them potato-sackfuls

of so-called "historical proofs" to the effect that promiscuity and immorality work to destroy cultures and civilizations. It is not enough that these arbiters of morality interpret biblical texts to

meet their own needs; they commit the additional sin of teaching false history. Whenever in need of "evidence" these do-gooders reach into their dusty sacks and, after first misinterpreting the facts,



Illustrations based on engravings in P. F. H. d'Hancarville's *Monuments of the Private Lives of the 12 Emperors* (1780) and *Monuments of the Secret Cult of Roman Ladies* (1784).



proceed to hurl their half-baked notions at thousands of listeners. And by thus teaching a false history, they are perpetuating those myths that support a morality characterized by repression and violence.

One of the moralists' favorite tidbits of misinformation, which it is high time to expose, is that "ancient Greece and Rome fell because sex and debauchery had destroyed the moral fiber of these civilizations." Contrary to what the puritans assert, however, historians agree that Greece and Rome did not fall because of "too much sex" or "the wrong type of sex." In fact, the fall of each had nothing to do with sexual matters, but did have much to do with political corruption, overtaxation, inflation, devaluation of the currency and,

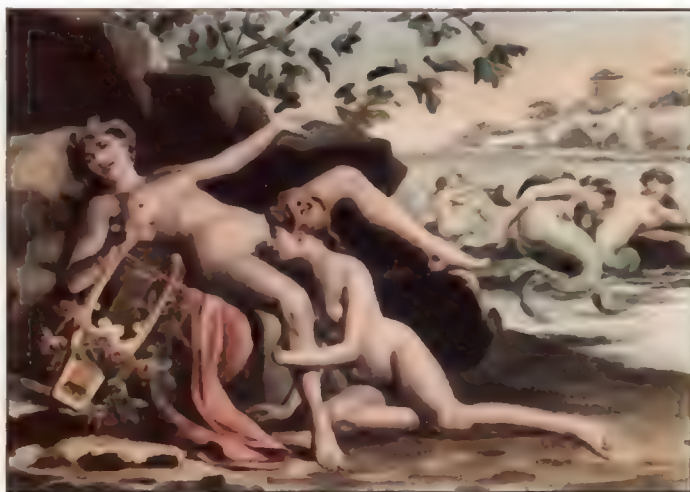
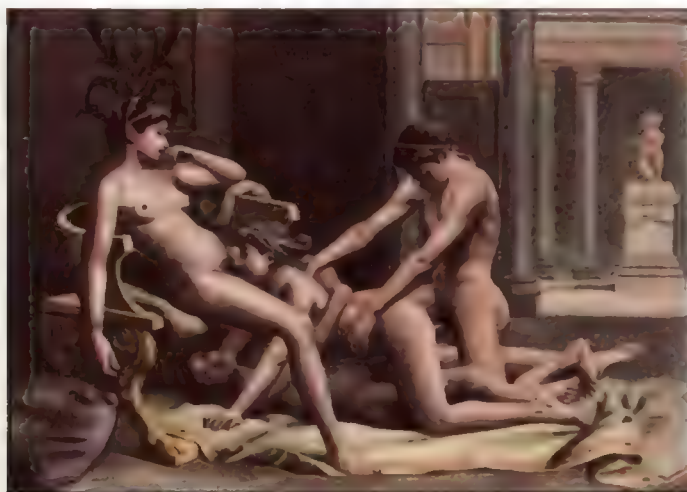
last but not least, total exhaustion of resources resulting from endless foreign wars and internal dissension. Ironically enough, the conditions that made these great civilizations crumble are threatening to destroy our present-day democratic government.

Perhaps an accurate look at the historical facts will help dispel the myths, while pointing out some parallels with today's political and economic problems. Let's look at ancient Greece first. Its Golden Age came about after the Spartans and Athenians defeated the Persians and a peace was arranged among the three around 450 B.C. It was not Sparta, however, but Athens—its rival city-state—that under Pericles profited most from the defeat of Persia and the subsequent peace. In spite of a

peace treaty, Athens and Sparta continued to compete with each other, and it was Athenian aggressiveness and the constant rivalry between the two great city-states that in the end spelled doom for both of them.

While Pericles was alive, all was fine; he understood the political situation and was a wise mediator. But no sooner was he gone than his successors, feeling that imperialism abroad was necessary to support democracy at home, began to equate might with right. Pericles's successors broke the nonintervention agreement with Sparta and began to exert pressure on the lesser and weaker city-states, using their considerable economic influence to establish a system of political oppression.

Inside the Greek city-states there was



a "smoldering opposition of rich and poor," to cite one noted authority, that only needed a political spark to set ablaze open class warfare. Several major internal crises occurred, weakening the Greek world from within and rendering it that much more vulnerable to outside enemies, in particular the Persians and the Macedonians.

So the Greek world was first of all divided among the rival city-states, notably Athens and Sparta, while simultaneously there was a dangerous division between rich and poor. Third, the polarization between the liberal and conservative elements of society became more extreme.

For example, one group of intellectuals in Athens (Socrates and his followers) held very personal attitudes. They were critical of the direction in which Greek society was heading, both politically and socially. Their teachings attracted the youth, but frightened the more traditional and conservative older part of the populace. The situation somewhat resembled our Nixon years, during which ultraconservative political demagogues (such as Spiro Agnew), in response to the rebelliousness of young people in the '60s, were able to do some effective rabble-rousing by appealing to popular prejudices and fears of change through cheap name-calling ("peace-

niks," "eggheads," "effete intellectuals" and so forth).

In Sparta, meanwhile, things were not going so well either. Instead of its previous unpretentious and austere (hence "spartan") way of life, Sparta gradually became luxury-loving and corrupt. Its government followed petty and vindictive policies toward its defeated enemies, policies shameful even in the eyes of its own people, let alone foreign allies.

By the middle of the fourth century B.C. the major Greek city-states were politically exhausted. Moreover, while the constant wars among them, particularly between Athens and Sparta, had already weakened the bonds of society, the class struggle between rich and poor became more widespread and acute. The battle cry of the poor called for the redivision of land and the abolition of debts. On the other hand the upper classes formed militaristic clubs to defend their traditional economic privileges.

During the same century Alexander the Great conquered both Greece and the Persian Empire. After his death in 323 B.C. this vast territory was divvied up by his generals. The rich of this expanded Greek world kept getting richer, while the poor kept getting poorer, in the cities and in the countryside. In the

latter wealthy landowners gobbled up more and more land, building huge estates at the expense of the peasants (in much the same way that today's giant corporation-owned farms are knocking the American small farmer right off the map).

Not only was the small-scale individual farmer unable to compete with the big estates that developed, but he was also bled to death by taxes. (Sounds familiar, doesn't it?) Greek colonial governments grew bigger and bigger, breeding a swelling class of bureaucratic drones that contributed nothing to the public well-being, apart from forever keeping "census"; that is, sniffing out whoever in the city or countryside had any money or property left that could be taxed. But the tax money did not flow back to the people in the form of improved services. Instead, it ran into the pockets of the bureaucrats and rulers themselves—if it did not go to the military, which wore out the country and the economy in an endless round of inconclusive and senseless wars among Alexander's successors.

This, then, is how the Hellenistic world went to pieces politically and economically. Sex did not help do it in. In fact, Greek sex life seems to have been most liberated during the so-called Golden Age, not in the later periods of disintegration. Nor is it anything but logical that sexual refinement should flourish, together with the arts and literature, in a period of great economic prosperity and political stability, rather than the opposite being true, as some people assume.

In the case of Rome the situation was not much different; if anything, it was even worse than it had been in Greece. In early Rome as well, for example, independent farmers had been the backbone of the Republic. However, from the second century B.C. on these small farms could no longer compete either with imported foodstuffs or with the large-scale farming of the landed aristocracy.

As one contemporary observer, Pliny the Elder, put it: "Large holdings have ruined Italy." The ruined small farmer had two choices: He could become a tenant farmer on one of the large estates, or else he could drift into the city, there to swell the numbers of the already unemployed.

On the other hand some of the inhabitants of Rome were richer than ever before. Many had come by their riches only recently, through political favoritism, graft, the abuse of political office for personal enrichment, or by fast wheeling and dealing in the marketplace. They tended to display their new



"Hey, Marsha! Let's kick off our shoes, relax and cut some farts!"



"He could have had these sent, but no-o-o-o—everything has to be a big production number!"

wealth by ostentatious consumption and offensive carryings-on. The law, adding insult to injury, granted the wealthy additional privileges—for example, marking off a specially reserved section for them at the theaters. In contrast, the poor could hope for no more than an unceremonious burial after a brief life filled with all manner of hardships and miseries.

Politics in Rome had sunk to an all-time low. Self-appointed tyrants would often run the country by whim. About one of them—the notorious Commodus—historian Cassius Dio wrote: “He was a greater curse to the Romans than any pestilence or crime.” His main pastimes—and those of the populace at large—seem to have been executions, chariot-racing and lion-baiting.

After the death of Commodus the military, in a cynical display of power, proceeded to auction off the imperial office to the highest bidder. “A most disgraceful business,” according to Cassius Dio: “The would-be buyers were Sulpicianus and Julianus, who vied to outbid each other, one from inside [the military camp], the other from the outside. . . . Some of the soldiers would carry the word to Julianus: ‘Sulpicianus offers so much; how much more do you bid?’ And to Sulpicianus in turn: ‘Julianus promises so much; how much

do you raise him?’ Sulpicianus would have won the day, being inside and being a prefect of the city and also the first to name the figure of 20,000 sesterces per soldier, had not Julianus raised his bid no longer by a small amount but by 5,000 at one time, shouting it in a loud voice and also indicating the amount with his fingers.”

Unfortunately for Julianus, however, other Roman armies, based in the provinces, had already proclaimed their own commanders as emperor. One of them, Severus, proceeded to march on Rome, where he forthwith deposed the emperor-by-auction.

An army man himself, Severus governed according to one cardinal principle: Take care of the army and the rest will take care of itself. “Enrich the soldiers,” he counseled his sons, who were to succeed him, “and scorn all other men.”

But to take care of the army took money—lots of it—and the truth of the matter was that the many earlier military campaigns had badly depleted the imperial coffers. One of Severus’s predecessors, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, had already resorted to selling off imperial treasures and devaluing the Roman currency by 25 percent.

Now Severus devalued the money by yet another 25 percent and, in addition,

raised the already far-too-burdensome taxes and even devised some new ones. Not yet satisfied, this “financial genius” of a politician moved on to the wholesale confiscation of the property not only of his political enemies, but even of those citizens in his own camp who had not been sufficiently generous in contributing to his campaign.

One can sum things up by saying that just as the long age of peace brought prosperity to Rome, so the even-longer age of wars brought economic ruin and political chaos. As taxes rose higher and higher, they finally started to impoverish even the upper classes. Thus, paradoxically, the higher the taxes rose, the less revenue came to the state.

On the other hand the swelling ranks of the poor had somehow to be appeased and amused. For that reason the state distributed food, medicine and money among them, while providing a never-ending series of festivals, dramatic presentations and circuses—all through deficit spending, as we would say today.

Meanwhile, the wars—including a number of internal struggles—raged on, further depleting the treasury until the Roman economy, once so strong and apparently unbreakable, collapsed totally. The most common Roman silver coins lost more than 90 percent of their silver content. Like our own new quarters, they were essentially copper coins washed with silver.

At the same time, inflation went completely out of control, and the prices of even the most basic commodities went right through the ceiling. According to the American historian Moses Hadas, “A peck of wheat which sold for half a denarius in the second century was fixed at 100 denarii by the end of the third.” In provincial money markets bankers sometimes flatly refused to handle Roman coinage. (Not unlike the condition of the devalued American dollar today, with the international money market periodically threatening to switch over to one of the stronger European or Japanese currencies.)

One Roman emperor, Diocletian, seriously tried to fight inflation by imposing stringent wage-and-price controls, with the death penalty prescribed for violators. His edict was incredibly detailed, fixing the prices of just about everything—basic grains such as wheat and rye, fat pheasants and lean pheasants, silver spoons and copper spoons, mousetraps and oil lamps. But his measure didn’t work, probably because it came too late. When the edict was posted, a contemporary witness reported, “Nothing appeared on the market because of fear, and prices

(continued on page 50)



“Drunken driving. . . .”

Starr Material


Photography by James Baes











Starr's her name, and starring is her dream. This raven-haired beauty has been a show-business professional for nearly five years, and when this lady works, she really cooks. She's hot now, and she knows it. As a singer, dancer, stripper and an actress in ten feature films, Starr's achieved a reputation of throwing her whole being into every assignment.





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FALL OF GREECE AND ROME

(continued from page 42)

soared much higher." At last Diocletian too gave up the battle against inflation, and a few decades later the peck of wheat that had sold for 100 denarii was selling for 10,000 denarii.

Since money had lost all meaning, much trade came to be carried out by barter and in kind, instead of in cash. The government followed suit by collecting taxes in kind. To do this the state first had to find out what everybody owned. This was accomplished, as earlier in Greece, by a vast army of census-takers (read: government spies) who went to every corner of the Empire sniffing out what people possessed in any form whatsoever. Thus, the tax-collectors could, for instance, find out that a certain farmer who lived near Syracusae had a fine olive grove of some 200 well-producing trees. The state could then assess a tax in the form of so many liters of olive oil from the man, whether he could afford the loss of income or not.

We know from contemporary sources that these surveys and the collection of taxes in kind were the occasions for horrible scenes. The Christian apologist Lactantius described "the surveyors summoning the people of the town and of the country to the public squares and

applying torture, making children give evidence against their parents, wives against their husbands, and servants against their masters; extorting from them by means of blows exaggerated returns which they then made still-higher, placing on the register children and old men."

Another contemporary historian, Zosimus, wrote: "Constantine imposed a tribute of gold and silver of all who engaged in commerce, even on the pettiest tradesmen in the towns; wretched courtesans even were not exempt from the tax. On the return of the fourth year, as the fatal time approached, all the townspeople were seen in tears and grief. When the period had arrived, the scourge and the rack were used against those whose extreme poverty could not support this unjust tax. Mothers sold their children, and fathers prostituted their daughters, obliged to obtain by this sorry trade the money which the [tax] collectors came to snatch from them."

In the end it got to the point where it was cynically said in Rome: "Those who live on the taxes are more numerous than those who pay them." Among those who benefited indirectly from this system of taxation were the army of "informers"—citizens who were paid a portion of whatever the state exacted

from the victims of their denunciations.

But the masses of the impoverished Roman proletariat (that is, the laboring class) lived mostly on the state dole, since there was no work for them in the city. The distraction of this proletariat was of prime importance to any Roman government of that declining period. There were the "games," dramatic presentations and circuses to which we have already alluded. In addition, the number of holidays rose from 65 days per year under the Republic to 135 under Marcus Aurelius, then to 175. That is to say, eventually every other day was one kind of holiday or another. The urban masses spent most of their waking hours attending some manner of public amusement or spectacle, most often of a rather grisly kind. "The circus is their temple," one contemporary observed. "The rest of the time they live only on the memory of the last or on the hope of the next festival."

As was their purpose, the incessant games at the theaters and amphitheaters kept the unemployed populace constantly distracted. But worst of all was the *nature* of the entertainment itself. Far from being erotic or sexual, it could not help but have a brutalizing effect on the spectators. Beginning with the exhibition of exotic animals in the circuses—still rather innocent, except for the cruelties imposed on the captured animals through the ignorance of their keepers—it went on to bloody contests, not only with wild beasts set against one another, but also with human beings—"gladiators"—in mortal combat against the animals (or each other). Most often condemned criminals or prisoners of war were used for these spectacles. But if there happened to be a shortage of either, there were always Christians who could be rounded up and thrown into the arena.

Describing the end of the ancient world, a noted French historian summarized the situation: "The plebs [common people] of the towns, sated and carefree, took no real interest in anything but [their] pleasures, and later—when [they] became Christian—in religious controversies. The greatest political events passed over the heads of the people like black or golden clouds. Later [they were] to watch even the ruin of the Empire and the coming of the barbarians with indifference."

It was the Germanic "barbarians," or tribesmen, who gave the tottering Roman Empire its coup de grace. Thus evaporated "the glory of Rome." Sexuality had nothing to do with the fall; taxation, inflation, devaluation, over-expansion and public corruption had everything to do with it. ☹



"I told her not to give him head."



*W*hen someone asks who has the biggest pair of boobs in Georgia, the answer is obvious: Miss Lillian Carter. In this issue we're proud to honor one of those boobs, Billy Carter. (The other boob, of course, is

his brother Jimmy.) This scrapbook has been prepared to help you, Billy, remember the "highlights" of those memorable years since you first burped onto the scene in the Peach State.



You were a happy boy, Billy, even though you were called "dumb four-eyes" by your little classmates. You spent much of your boyhood playing cow-boys and Indians.

You were big for your age, and Miss Lillian often had a hard time finding clothes that fit you. This early playsuit was put together for you by the village welding shop.



Your first real hero was Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier. Unable to find a coonskin cap large enough for your fat head, you took to wearing live animals.



This habit persisted into your later life. The monkey you wore on your head suddenly became a monkey on your back when you discovered BEER.



Your brother Jimmy graduated at the head of his high-school class. In fact, he was valedictorian. You didn't do so badly yourself, Billy, graduating with the distinction of being 26th academically in your own class. Of course, there were only 26 students in your graduating class.



You had a distinguished career as an athlete in Plains. The only thing that kept you from breaking into the major leagues as a pitcher was your inability to disguise your spitball.



It didn't take you long to make a splash on the American scene. One of the most famous splashes occurred when you pissed in public on a runway at a Georgia airport.



And let's not forget your attempt to make money at what you know best: drinking beer. Billy Beer was one of the great beer busts of all time.



Beer-drinking led to a temporary "vacation" in a California facility for drunks.



Earlier this year, Billy, you got your big break. Your status as America's village idiot mushroomed. You became the class clown to the world, a nincompoop of international stature. That was when you made anti-Semitic remarks that drew fire from Jews and civil libertarians around the world.



There's a theory, Billy, that your antics are designed to embarrass your brother. We think that's probably because Miss Lillian doesn't feel about you the way she feels about him.



Yessir, Billy Carter, you're quite a guy who's led quite a life. And this scrapbook, these mementos, these memories... put them all together, Billy, and THIS IS YOUR LIFE.



MAGIC
WANDA











"I've been an exhibitionist all my life," says Wanda, "especially where older men are concerned." And when a girl's got an inclination to show off what she's got, there's no holding her. For years Wanda dreamed of becoming a HUSTLER centerfold. It's something that many girls fantasize about, but few possess that special magic required to make their fantasies come true. Wanda's one girl who made it, and now Wanda's magic can be seen by the world.

Lucky world!
Lucky Wanda!





HUSTLER'S HONEY · SEPTEMBER 1979





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A young lady was standing in a crowded subway train, one hand clutching the overhead strap and the other holding onto a banana in her back pocket. Suddenly the train lurched forward, and the girl lost her grip on the fruit. She wriggled her hand and soon felt the slippery skin of her goody again. A few stops later a male voice moaned, "You'll have to let go now, miss. This is my stop."

A first-time father-to-be confessed to the doctor, "I'm afraid I won't get my wife to the hospital on time when she goes into labor."

"Nonsense," the doctor replied. "You'll know she's ripe when she starts to dilate."

Finally the big moment arrived, and the young husband watched like a hawk. His wife moaned and screamed and grunted, but he couldn't see the signs. So he phoned the hospital and frantically begged, "My wife should surely be in labor by now. Can I bring her in?"

The desk nurse asked him, "Has she started to dilate?"

The husband croaked, "No! That's why I'm worried... The baby slid out an hour ago, and my wife's eyes haven't changed a bit!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines a *gentleman* as: a guy who puts at least half his weight on his elbows when he fucks.

Meek little Casper rushed home hoping to find his new bride eagerly awaiting him. Instead, he found a strange umbrella hung over the sofa and a huge man making love to Casper's wife on it.

Casper pulled himself to his full 5-1 height, grabbed the umbrella and broke it over his knee. "There," Casper said firmly, "I hope it rains!"

An Italian, a Jew and a Polack were walking through the desert. The Italian was carrying a loaf of bread, the Jew a bottle of water, and the Polack a car door. The Jew turned to the Italian and asked, "Why are you carrying that bread?"

The Italian answered, "So I can eat if I get hungry."

Then the Italian asked the Jew, "Why are you carrying water?"

The Jew replied, "So I can drink if I get thirsty."

Then they turned to the Polack and asked him, "Why are you carrying that car door?"

"Don't be so stupid!" the Polack said. "If I get too hot, I can just roll down the window!"

Tom visited his doctor and told him that he was having a problem because his wife never climaxed at the same time he did. The doctor explained that he too had had a similar problem some years before and that what he had done was to place a .45-caliber pistol under the pillow. When he was going to climax, he would reach under the pillow and fire the gun, and his wife would climax with him.

Tom decided to try this method. About a week later the doctor saw Tom on the street and asked him how his problem was.

"Well, Doc," Tom replied, "I went home and placed a gun under the pillow. My wife was in a romantic mood, so we went to bed. We played a while, then started making out, and just as I was about to climax, I fired the gun."

"What happened?" asked the doctor.

"She shit in my face and bit the end of my dick off!" screamed Tom.

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines a *burp* as: a fart that took the elevator.

Question: Why are a chick's cunt and asshole so close together?

Answer: So when she gets drunk you can carry her home like a six-pack.

When sent to get a flashlight from the glove compartment of his dad's car, 12-year-old Tommy discovered a box of rubbers.

"What are these, Dad?" Tommy asked.

"Ah... they're for my cigarettes," the father stammered.

A few days later Tommy went into a drugstore and asked the druggist for a box of rubbers.

"And what size would you like?" inquired the

druggist with a knowing smile.

The boy thought for a moment and then replied, "Oh, big enough to fit a Camel."

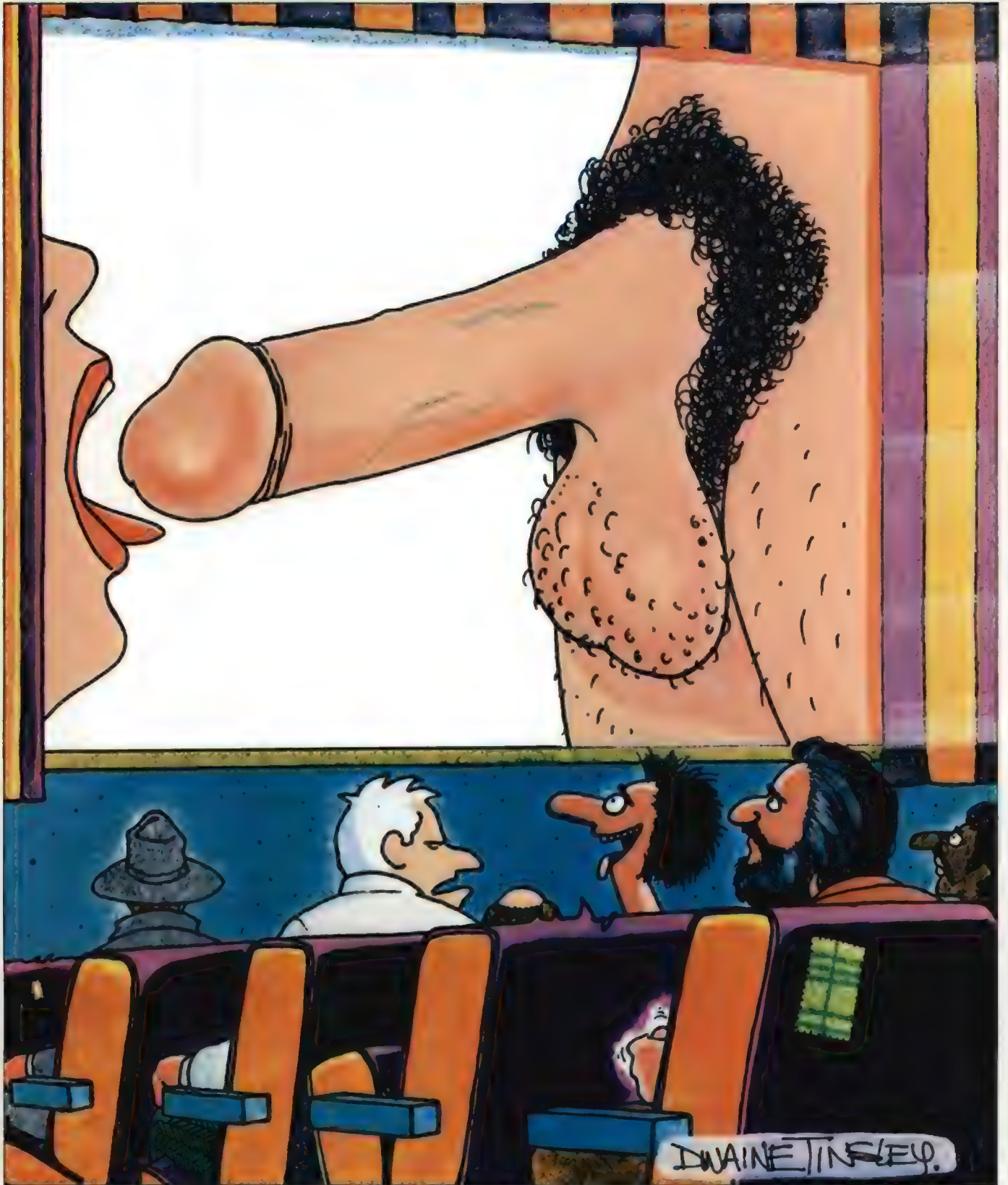
Adjusting himself after a backseat quickie, the fellow turned to his cute young date and said smoothly, "Gee, honey, if I'd known you were still a virgin, I'd have taken a little more time."

"Really?" she replied. "If I'd known you had more time, I'd have taken off my pantyhose."



***HUSTLER** Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.*

CHESTER & HESTER



"I don't mind bringing you to a porno movie, but I wish you'd stop yelling
'Look at the pecker on that motherfucker!'"

UP IN SMOKE

BLOWING AWAY THE THIRD WORLD

REPORT BY ROBERT J. WAGMAN AND SHELDON D. ENGELMAYER

Officially, the governments of the United States and Great Britain call it death. Just as officially, these same two governments help export this death to Africa, Asia, Latin America and anywhere else that modern technology only barely illuminates the twilight of the 20th century. And it all makes sense (or, rather, dollars and cents) to many of the largest American and British cigarette manufacturers, which—faced with slowing sales at home due to massive antismoking campaigns—have been forced to open up new markets to keep that money rolling in at record levels.

Faced with the stark and brutal revelations about the link between cancer and smoking, consumers in the developed nations have increasingly tended to

kick the habit or switch to low-tar cigarettes, cigars or pipes. The tobacco companies desperately need customers who will still swallow their slick advertising pitches, people willing to consume high-tar tobacco in blissful ignorance of the danger it poses to their health. The companies have found such customers in the Third World—those underdeveloped nations where health warnings aren't required on cigarette packages, restraints on advertising are nearly nonexistent, and virility—not cancer—is the promoted and accepted by-product of smoking. And the numbers bear out this startling shift in where smoking dollars are spent. For example, between 1972 and 1977 American cigarette-smoking increased only 7%, while consumption in Great Britain declined 3% during those five years. During that same period cigarette use jumped by 22% in Poland, 40% in Taiwan and a whopping 97% in Egypt.





The sharp rise in overseas smoking levels is paralleled by an equally dramatic hike in the tar content of cigarettes. Statistics show that cigarettes targeted for the Third World contain on the average twice as much tar as those sold in the U.S. and Great Britain. There are two reasons for the high concentration: (1) tobacco with naturally high tar content is unusable in cigarettes made for the American or Western European markets—where smokers are worried about the cancer threat—so it is dumped on the Third World; and (2) it is more expensive to make low-tar cigarettes, just as it is more expensive to make unleaded gasoline. Why go to all the bother and expense if your customer doesn't know or care about the difference?

Since making a profit is the guiding principle of all corporations, it isn't surprising that cigarette manufacturers seem to care very little about hooking unsuspecting natives on a habit that could eventually kill them. Far more disturbing is the extensive financial support given these companies by the governments of the United States and Great Britain—particularly since our Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Joseph Califano, Jr., recently labeled smoking as "public-health enemy number one."

Yet judging by the U.S. government's free hand with our tax dollars, selling the nation's greatest health enemy to the rest of the world is just good business. For example, since 1955 the United States has given away more than \$700 million worth of tobacco as part of—and this is unbelievable—the Food for Peace program! Sales of tobacco under the Public Law 480 program came to \$55,725,000 in fiscal 1977 alone (the latest year statistics are available).

The United States is also involved in spreading the tobacco habit through the World Bank, the Washington-based international financing agency headed by former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. The World Bank, to which the United States is the major contributor, spends millions of dollars each year to support increased tobacco production in the Third World—money given to it by taxpayers from the U.S. and other developed countries, money earmarked for "the poorest of the poor." Why? Because tobacco is a good cash crop and because loans made on its account will be quickly repaid, a practice for which many recipients of World Bank loans are not well-known.

In addition, in 1977 the U.S. Department of Agriculture spent nearly \$65 million to keep American farmers happy through administration of its

price-support program and for related activities, such as export promotion, market research, tobacco-grading, crop inspection and other support services.

These dollars are all tax dollars—collected from all of us. Eric Eckholm, writing in *The Progressive*, said: "In this country, tobacco prices are maintained through a combination of production quotas and government-held 'loan stocks' which are acquired when market prices fall below a specified level. In mid-1977, the value of these stocks was \$659 million."

Who benefits from what tobacco researcher Mike Muller (of London-based War on Want) calls the "great tobacco giveaway"? According to Muller, "Recent recipients of U.S. tobacco 'aid' read like a roll call of American foreign policy problems: South Vietnam, Philippines, Cambodia, Thailand and, lately, Egypt and Syria. The tobacco has been used to win friends and maintain governments, keeping U.S. farmers happy at the same time by buying their surplus."

According to an official investigative U.N. report, the world tobacco market is dominated by seven giant "transnational tobacco conglomerates" (TTCs). These sprawling multinationals, of which four are American—R. J. Reynolds, Philip Morris, Gulf-Western and American Brands—exercise joint control over 85% of the free world's tobacco market through billions of dollars in advertising and "global corporate bribery... involving millions of dollars." The study was prepared by the United Nations Trade and Development Conference under a direct mandate from the General Assembly. It was completed in mid-1978, but its release was held up until April 1979 because of formal protests by several of the firms attacked and by a representative of the British government.

The U.N. study argued that the companies made their billions through practices reminiscent of the 19th-century American robber barons, including the acceptance of corporate bribery as an integral part of marketing strategy among the tobacco giants. Financing the drive toward world tobacco domination are the world's major banks, which are so involved with the TTCs that the "corporations in their totality cannot be perceived as wholly separate from the larger banks."

Ironically, another less critical branch of the United Nations—the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO)—has offered to intercede with the governments of the underdeveloped nations on behalf of tobacco producers, even

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"You jerk off! No wonder you're crazy!"



"Give me that old-time religion."




Melanie
CALIFORNIA
DREAMER




Photography by Suze Randall









A full-page photograph of a woman, Melanie, posing on a chair. She is wearing a red, ribbed, strapless tube top and red high-heeled sandals. Her body is angled away from the camera, but her head is turned back over her shoulder, looking towards the viewer. Her right arm is raised, with her hand near her head. The chair she is sitting on has a blue and white striped fabric draped over it. The background is a large American flag, with the stars and stripes clearly visible. The lighting is bright, highlighting the contours of her body and the texture of the clothing and background.

Melanie's one of the many California girls who dream of national recognition as a model or actress. Most of them never make it, but we've got a feeling that Melanie will be the exception that proves the rule. After all, she's open, and her business seems to be in the pink.



UP IN SMOKE

(continued from page 68)

to the point of using FAO money.

One company caught with its hand in the cookie jar was Philip Morris, which appears to have doled out at least \$2.4 million in questionable payments in order to win advantages over its competitors, the *Wall Street Journal* wrote in 1976. For example, the company was accused of making a \$16,000 payment to a tax official in the Dominican Republic, and it apparently paid out \$120,000 to get a law passed that it considered vital to its interests.

British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd. (BAT), which admits that bribery does exist while insisting its own hands are clean, has a better system. It invites friends and family members of certain heads of state to become "directors" of the local subsidiary company.

Kenya and Nigeria provide but two examples of this. In Kenya the chairman of the British-American Tobacco subsidiary is Bethuel Mareka Gecaga, who happens to be related by marriage to the family of the late nationalist leader Jomo Kenyatta. In Nigeria, Chief Jerome Oputa Udoji, former civil-service head, chairs that country's BAT subsidiary.

Of course, sometimes there is no need to bribe anyone, regardless of whatever

form the bribe might have taken. The government's top man often sees instantly the value of tobacco as a private purse-builder. War on Want's Mike Muller, for example, points to Malawi, where Britain is pouring in \$65 million, much of which will go toward tobacco-growing.

"Evidence collected in Malawi suggests that the country's autocratic life president, Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda, is systematically diverting the money earned by his country's peasant farmers into his own pocket," Muller says. "Malawi is one of Africa's poorest countries. But it is enjoying a tobacco boom. Production [rose] from 43 million pounds in 1967 to 111 million in 1977. . . . The small farmers have to sell their tobacco to ADMARC, the state Agricultural Development and Marketing Corporation. . . . In recent years, large sums of [ADMARC] money have been channeled directly to a company called 'Press Holdings'. . . . Principal shareholder in Press Holdings—according to the company return filed in July 1977—is His Excellency Ngwazi Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda, occupation physician, who holds 499,000 of the 499,001 issued shares. The other is held by his sometime successor-apparent A. K. Banda."

And then, of course, there is the inevitable gruesome suggestion made to Muller by Raymos Lyatu, general

manager of Tanzania's Tobacco Authority. "So you stop people from dying," he said to Muller. "What do you do then?"

Put another way, the more people who die before their time, the more food there will be for those who survive. In countries where there are too many people and too little food, this is a powerful suggestion.

By and large, however, governments are seduced both by the high taxes cigarettes bring and by the promise of modern agricultural techniques that can be adopted for use in growing food. The only trouble is, these arguments are not worth the hot air expended on them.

True, a lot of income is generated from taxes on cigarettes, but the long-range costs are higher than these governments realize. In the end these countries will be forced to expend enormous sums because of the diseases brought on by smoking.

Just take a look at what it is costing the United States. Quoting from HEW Secretary Califano's introduction to the latest "Smoking and Health" report: "Smoking accounts for an estimated \$5 billion to \$8 billion in health-care expenses, not to mention the cost of lost productivity, wages, and absenteeism caused by smoking-related illness; an annual cost estimated at \$12 billion to \$18 billion."

That is a very high cost indeed, and there is no evidence to suggest that it would be any lower in Malawi or Taiwan or Brazil. Somehow, though, these facts are never mentioned to the government officials who must make the relevant decisions.

As for the agricultural benefits, they are spurious indeed. As Muller points out: "Tobacco uses Third World resources that could otherwise produce food. It also diverts resources from more desirable cash crops. Its high labor requirements at planting and harvest time discourage production of other crops and can create seasonal unemployment. . . . New mechanized farming techniques also threaten Third World tobacco farmers. It means they face tough new competition with the USA for world markets."

If raising and smoking tobacco are hazardous to the personal and economic health of Third World nations, why is consumption skyrocketing in those countries? The answer is, for much the same reason people consume almost anything in almost any place—the power of modern advertising.

Most of the advertising the cigarette companies do in the underdeveloped nations boils down to one theme:

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"Just checking to see if Larry Flynt is being sincere."



"Whatsamatter? Did the boss stop short?!"



A GAMBLING MAN

...BUT SHE LOST HER ASS

I was the first to arrive at Walt's apartment, but the table was already set up and the chips counted out in \$200 stacks. "Can't wait to lose your hard-earned, can you?" I asked him jokingly.

Walter Ashe grinned as though he owned the patent on assurance. He was a short man with a leathery face and eyes that were always looking for something. "Not tonight," he said, snapping his fingers. His hairline was retreating like Lee from Richmond, and he compensated by growing his sideburns longer. They were about to meet. "My horoscope says the time is right for making money."

"The time's always right."

"You'll see," he said confidently.

Walt was a compulsive gambler with the faith of an archbishop. He believed in gimmicks, vibrations and mystical influences—astrology, numerology, karma, word associations, anything. Once, he told me he knew he was going to win because his biorhythms were peaking. He lost. The following week it was something else; he never played alone.

Unwilling to believe in himself, he was chance's plaything, vacillating between cockiness and dejection, trusting his superstitions to give him some advantage. They didn't. Not with me. When I play poker, I don't pay attention to anything but the game. Which is one reason why I'm a winner.

"Who else is coming?" I asked.

"Windmill and Ross and somebody Ross is bringing. A guy named Len Fisher."

Windmill Windham and Ross Gillen, along with Walt and me, were Friday-night regulars. There were a few others who usually could be counted on to fill a game, but not this night. One dude was tapped out (thanks to us), one was in the hospital, another was out of town, and the high-flier I called said he was quitting gambling altogether, so we were on the hunt to put a table together. Ross had a string of connections that ran without discrimination—and sometimes without distinction—from playboys to mobsters, and he always found someone. But we weren't prepared for the player

FICTION BY BEN SATTERFIELD



he brought on this occasion: a slender beauty with her hair pulled back severely, wearing a belted chamois jacket, a long skirt and boots. She wore no rings or jewelry of any kind, not even earrings. A leather purse with a long strap hung from her left shoulder. "I'm Lynn Fisher," she said, putting out her hand.

I took her hand. It was cool, and her grip was firm. "I'm Kelly."

She smiled, dazzling me with a perfect row of pearly whites. "You're Lightning Kelly?" She squeezed my hand.

"I'm afraid so."

"I've heard about you." She pumped my hand and released it. "Is it true that they won't let you play in Vegas?"

"Only blackjack."

Windmill scowled. He was a large man, who appeared to be made out of blocks covered by skin and thick black hair. His face was square, and he wore black-plastic-framed glasses that seemed to squeeze his small nose. An inch of unlit cigar stuck out of the side of his mouth like a tuberous growth. "We never had a woman in the game before."

"Don't complain," Ross said, looking at him with pale blue eyes the color of arctic ice and every bit as warm. "We only have a five-man—er, five-person game as it is." He removed a pin seal wallet from his jacket pocket and

handed Walt two crisp \$100 bills.

"This is 1979," I said, "and we're all liberated. Have a seat, Lynn." It didn't matter to me—male, female or Martian, I was interested only in the money: I was there to win.

Lynn took off her jacket and hung it on the back of a chair. She wore a long-sleeved white-silk blouse with a high neckline, and she looked more like a schoolteacher—a very sexy schoolteacher—than a cardplayer. The satin of her skin showed no lines, and that wasn't because of makeup, since as far as I could tell she wore only lip gloss. She looked at me and smiled. I stared back, impassive.

Windmill was the last to sit down. "We don't play old maid, you know."

"Neither do I," Lynn said, turning her big brown eyes on him. "Five-card stud, seven-card, draw poker—jacks or better to open. OK?"

Windmill shrugged.

"Whites are a buck," Walt said, "reds're five, and the blues're ten. Buck to open, pot limit, table stakes."

"Fine," Lynn said, handing Walt \$200 across the table. She hooked her purse over the back of her chair and glanced around the table as if reconnoitering. "Shall we start?"

Walt tore open a fresh deck, threw out the jokers, shuffled three times and dealt

a round of cards face-up. Ross won the deal with the queen of spades.

"Draw," he said. "Ante one." Ross was a dapper man who liked hand-lasted English oxfords, Charvet ties and tailor-made suits with vests. I never saw him smoke or drink, and I was willing to bet that under the fine clothes he wore so well was a gym-hardened body as fit as a boxer's. He spent three months of every year in England, but never talked about any of the trips. He always had money, but no one seemed to know where it came from. I never asked him.

"By me," Lynn said.

We all passed.

Ross added a white chip to the ante. "Sweeten the pot."

"It's a good sign when no one can open the first hand," Walt said.

"Where the hell did you hear that?" Windmill growled.

"It's true; you watch."

I picked up my cards: ace—jack high. They were nothing, a gravedigger's hand. I was off to a slow start, which never bothers me. I know that patience is the first rule of poker. At least it's my first rule.

Windmill opened for five.

Walt called.

I threw my cards in.

Ross saw the bet, and so did Lynn.

Windmill took two cards. The others each took three.

"Ten," Windmill said.

Walt and Ross folded.

Lynn called.

"Trip sixes," Windmill said, spreading his cards.

Lynn smiled at him. "You win."

I wondered if she had lost to him deliberately. After all, ten bucks is a cheap enough price to pay to take the edge off hostility.

I watched her closely for the next two hours, but didn't learn anything except that she was unreadable—which told me a lot. Good poker players are masters of the blank expression, the controlled emotion and the steady hand. Bush-leaguers usually give themselves away through nervousness or overacting. Lynn Fisher was no amateur. Her eyes were quick, her voice level, and her hands calm and precise. All her movements were entirely purposeful and without the slightest flourish or trace of anxiety. She knew what she was doing. The girl was a gambler.

I was about \$50 ahead, but no player was down more than \$80 or \$90, so the game was close. Lynn excused herself to go to the bathroom, and while she was out, Ross said, "Why don't we play poker instead of trying to figure out the bird, huh?"

"She's putting a damper on the



"Sure, some of us shoot craps. Haven't you ever heard of the Holy Rollers?"



IWAN TINSLEY

"Oi' Rainbow sho know how to keep his women in line!"

game," Windmill said.

"I don't think so," Ross shot back. "She's a good player—and a hell of a lot prettier to look at than anything else around here."

"That's just it—everybody's more interested in looking at her than in playing cards."

"I noticed you ran your marbles over her pretty good," I said.

Windmill shifted the cigar stub from one side of his mouth to the other and leaned over the table. "I was just trying to unnerve her."

"Bullshit!" I cried.

"Come on," Ross grumbled. "Give her a break. She's been in town a month, and this is the first game anybody's let her into."

"Chauvinist pigs," I quipped.

"I prefer other games with women," Windmill said.

Walt was moving toward despondence. "I think poker with a dame is bad luck for me."

"Just forget she's a woman," Ross said.

Windmill smiled and chewed his cigar. "That's kinda hard to do."

At midnight I was better than \$300 ahead but getting bored with the game. I had the feeling the lady gambler was trying to distract me: She would smile and give me a smoldering look that

would have melted my armor at any other time, but I concentrated on the cards and squelched her signals as if I were a train, an express that couldn't be derailed. But every time I dropped out of a hand, I secretly watched her. I suddenly realized that I was no longer studying her as a player: I was appreciating her as a female. And my appreciation was beginning to pump up my blood pressure.

But desire and poker don't go together, and when the deal was mine, I said, "Once around the table and let's quit—is that all right?"

No one argued.

Four more hands and I had trimmed \$80 from my winnings and was glad we were tucking it in.

Walt called seven-card stud and dealt three rounds of cards, two down and one up. With a king showing, I was high. I looked at my hole cards and felt a little electric tingle inside: I had two more kings. "I'll open for a buck," I said casually. If I was going to row the boat, I wanted as many passengers aboard as possible.

"Call," Ross said. He had a queen of clubs up.

"Since it's almost quitting time," Lynn said, "I'll bump you five just to build the pot." She had a ten showing.

Windmill, who had a six up, looked at

his hole cards, then tossed a red and a white in the pot.

Walt turned over his jack of clubs and sighed, "I'm out."

I called the raise and so did Ross.

Walt dealt. I got the seven of diamonds, Ross the four of hearts, Lynn the ace of clubs and Windmill the queen of diamonds to match his six.

"Ace bets five," Lynn said.

"Diamond flush calls," Windmill said.

"I'll see your five," I said, looking at Lynn, "and raise five." I smiled and waved my hand toward the center of the table. "Just to build the pot."

Ross peered at his hole cards again and called.

"Your five and ten more," Lynn said.

Windmill scanned the table trying to read the hands, then grunted and called the bet.

I threw a blue chip in the pot, and so did Ross.

Walt dealt again: two of spades, ten of clubs, five of hearts, eight of clubs.

"Ace bets ten," Lynn said.

"Doesn't look promising," Windmill said. He turned his cards over, face-down.

"Call and raise," I said, tossing four reds out, two at a time.

Ross looked at my cards, then threw a pair of blue chips atop the growing pile.

"Your ten," Lynn said, "and another 20."

I paused. She had the only ace showing. It was entirely possible that she had a pair of aces down. But she had raised from the beginning with a ten up. The five of hearts hadn't helped, so she was either trying to show confidence or she was sandbagging. My guess was that she had aces and tens or three tens, but I decided to see one more card before pulling the stops out.

"Call," I said.

Ross hesitated. He probably had four clubs, hoping for a flush. "Is everyone bluffing?" he asked, and put in two blues. He didn't expect an answer.

Walt gave me the king of hearts, Ross the ace of diamonds and Lynn the ten of hearts.

The game was mine. "Pair of kings bets ten," I said.

Ross looked at the cards on the table and gave up.

Lynn picked up three blue chips. "Your ten and 20 more."

Inside I was shouting for joy. Outside I frowned slightly and leaned forward as if reading her cards, then took a deep breath. I counted out seven blue chips. "Your 20—plus 50."

Her stack of chips was thinner than mine. She looked me straight in the eye. "Call."

(continued on page 90)



"And if you don't come through, I'm suing you for malpractice!"

EAST SIDE STORY



Photography by Suze Randall



Hot days—summer in the city...
Every cool cat's looking for some kitty...
Time to get down to some real nitty-gritty.







A GAMBLING MAN

(continued from page 84)

Ross dealt the last card. I checked it quickly as if really interested. Lynn shuffled her hole cards, her eyes fixed on me, eyes that were like a cat's, languid but alert. I pursed my lips and pretended to study her cards, wanting her to think I was concerned about what she held. She looked at her hole cards, then laid them back down on the table.

"Twenty," I said.

"And 50," she answered, pushing more than half her chips into the pot.

"I'm going to have to raise you back," I said. "This time a hundred."

Her eyebrows moved up a fraction. "I haven't got a hundred."

"I'm really sorry," I said.

"Perhaps you would lend me—"

"I'm not a banker," I snapped.

"Well, then, would you consider something of equal value?"

"I'm not a pawnbroker either."

She laced her fingers together and looked at me steadily. "Can't we make a deal?"

I shrugged.

"Tell you what: It's table stakes. I'm at the table. I bet myself."

You could have spun a web out of the look that went between us.

"What do you mean?" I thought I

knew exactly what she meant. And so did my heart—which began to pump faster.

"I'd like to call the bet with myself. If I win, I get the pot; if you win, you get the pot—and me." Her mouth formed a tiny smile of amusement. "Just for the night, of course."

Walt, Ross and Windmill looked at me, and there wasn't a poker face in the bunch but mine.

"You're on," I said, then showed her the four kings. She nodded but didn't really look disappointed.

"Thank you, gentlemen," she said to the others. Then she looked at me: "Any time you're ready."

"Cash me in," I said.

. . . .

As soon as we got outside, Lynn said, "Your place or mine?"

"Mine's within walking distance," I replied without emotion.

"Good. I feel like stretching my legs."

She hooked her arm in mine, and we started walking. It had rained earlier in the evening, and the street glistened as though covered with cellophane. Everything looked clean and new to me.

"Are you always so lucky?" Lynn asked.

"No, it isn't every night that I win \$500 and a beautiful woman."

"I wouldn't think so."

"I'm a lucky man all right. But I don't rely on luck—at least not the way Walt does. I believe in it, but not in hunches or omens or feelings or anything beyond the cards on the table."

"What happens when you don't have luck?"

"My old man used to say, when fate hands you a lemon, make lemonade."

"My father said the same thing."

"Was he a gambler?"

"All his life."

"It figures. Gamblers are natural optimists."

When we got to my apartment, she took off her coat and dropped it and her purse on the davenport. "I like your place," she said, looking around. "You're very neat for a bachelor."

"It's a popular misconception that men can't take care of themselves," I answered, heading straight for the bar. "Would you like a drink?"

"No, what I'd like is a quick shower—just to freshen up."

I poured myself a Scotch, then pushed it aside and gripped the bar with both hands. "You don't have to go through with this." That statement took all the will power I could muster.

"A bet's a bet."

"I agree. But gambling's one thing and lovemaking's another."

"The game's over." She looked at me wryly. "Don't you want me?"

"Of course . . . but I want you without obligations."

"You're a romantic."

"No, I just think it would be better if the feeling were mutual."

She gave me that heart-pumping smile. "The feeling is mutual. I would never have made the bet otherwise."

I forgot about the drink. Instead, I went over and put my arms around her.

"I'm glad you did."

She pulled my head down and kissed me, her mouth open, her lips soft as blossoms, her tongue a messenger, her body a live and vibrant message that I responded to with swelling.

"I have a large shower," I whispered.

"Big enough for two?"

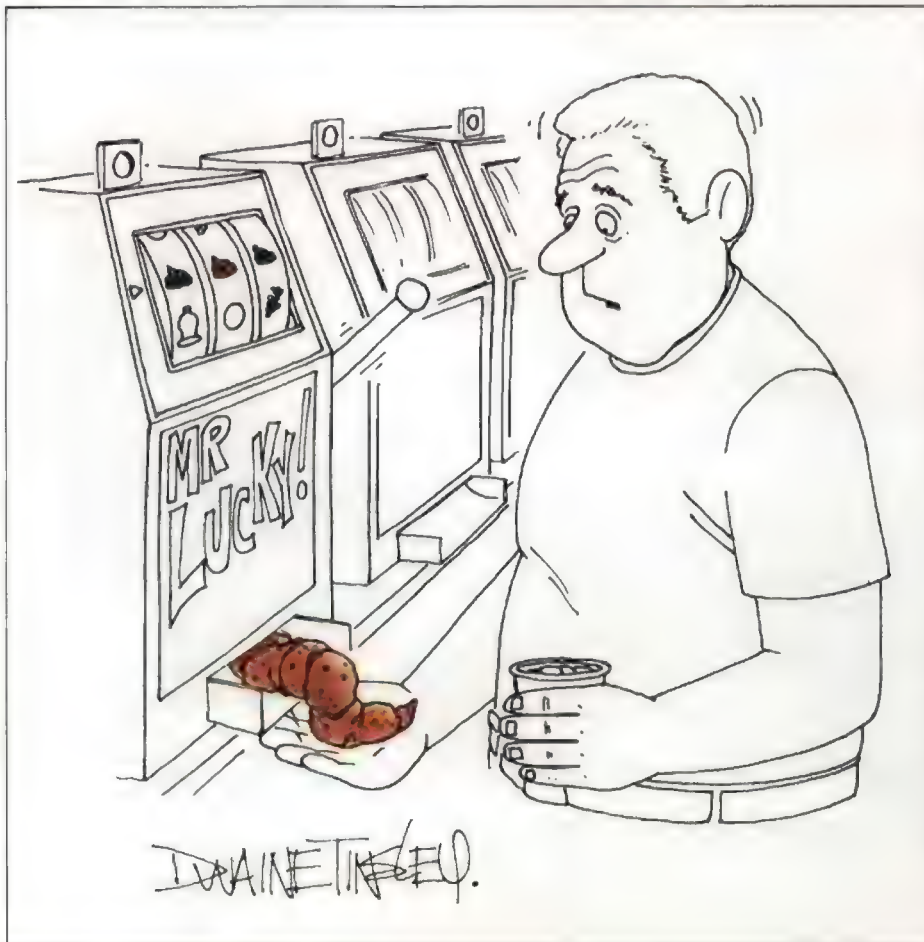
"Just right for two."

"What are we waiting for?"

We undressed in the bedroom, my response growing as I watched her slip quickly out of her clothes and stand naked before me. I gasped in sweet pleasure at her body. If Ponce de Leon had found his Fountain of Youth, he couldn't have been happier than I was standing there, throbbing at her. She grinned like a schoolgirl and darted into the bathroom.

In the shower I washed her back and put my arms around her, cupping her

(continued on page 111)





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LITTLE TOKYO

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MIDGET ATHLETE

PROFILE BY ED KIERSH

With one crazy, *kamikaze*-like leap Little Tokyo, otherwise known as "The Human Sledgehammer," piledrives into his opponent—Coconut Willie—unleashing his own blood-curdling version of *sayonara. Pow! Pow!* The two wrestlers exchange blows. Coconut's head sways, as if it were going to drop tropical fruit in the middle of the ring. *Snap! Crackle! Eeeow!* Tokyo's rotary-bladed legs scissor themselves around Willie's spinal column. Weak grunts are heard, barely distinguishable from the crack of bone upon bone.

Then the chants from the tanked-up crowd: "Hey, Jap, we're gonna fuck you for Pearl Harbor... Hey, Fu Manchu, you're nothin'..." The din shakes the Nutter Field House at Missouri's Fort Leonard Wood, and Little Tokyo is visibly moved. His eyes lose their happy-go-lucky glow; but he continues to thrust an arm under his opponent's crotch, while the other arm yanks at a leg. In a moment Willie, a much younger wrestler of undeniable strength, is aloft and squealing.

Once the war comes to a resounding, thud-filled halt, bigger battles await the self-styled Samurai "killer." Little Tokyo has to edge past the jeering, clenched-fist crowd and return to a dank, urine-smelling locker room. Excited by the rush of events, the wrestler has to piss. He moves in front of the urinal and tugs at his jockstrap. But here the simple maneuvering ends. Now Tokyo wrenches his spine backward, trying to arc a blast of piss, but his aim proves faulty, and he can only moan an "Oh, shit" and grimace. Finally, he stands on a box to reach the urinal; for Little Tokyo is indeed little—a 4-foot 3-inch, 110-pounder who, as the World's Midget Wrestling Champion, is consid-

ered by many to be the strongest mini-athlete on earth.

Inside the ring Tokyo is the Muhammad Ali of his profession, while outside he is a miniature Don Quixote, constantly struggling against urinals, step-ladders, out-of-reach beer coolers and distant shelves. And instead of commanding a long-term, six-figure contract like most sports giants, Tokyo has outgrown his proper name, Shigeru Akabane, only to scramble from one small-town arena to another for runtlike payoffs.

The 30-year-old wrestler, born in Japan, lives in a netherworld all his own. "Big" only next to preschool children—and always in the shadow of most adults—Tokyo faces a constant dilemma. Does he keep his eyes slanted upward, or does he limit himself to a life of belly-button-staring? Such a confusing, torment-tinged choice would seem to upset most proverbial low men on the totem pole. But Tokyo is hardly your everyday midget.

Tokyo's arms immediately catch your attention. Each is a big bulge of muscle—solid.

His legs at first glance seem ridiculously stumpy, abbreviated, bowed. Yet beyond the lack of physical beauty there is another ingredient: power! Each leg is a dynamo, capable of generating savage body blows, forming viselike holds and other numbing devastations. Their strength comes from carefully welded thighs and calves; a kick from either limb, quite simply, is a headfirst confrontation with a steel pillar.

It's little wonder that Tokyo is a special kind of hero in his new hometown, St. Joseph, Missouri. When he visits any of the local bars, as he frequently does, not too many patrons call him "small-fry." Of course, at times

some would-be Goliaths do hurl challenges like "Little man, you got anything inside your pants?" But a storm of karate and judo chops does them in. Little Tokyo is no freak in St. Joe. He's a champ—with an 80-5 won-loss record during his six-year grip on the midget-wrestling championship.

"Aaarrggghh! Whewwhh! Oooohhh! Aaaayyy!" The garage is alive with sexual-sounding grunts. Sweat pours down Little Tokyo's face. He looks like a lunatic leprechaun. Sidestepping assorted beer cans, barbells and car seats, I overcome my fears and approach the makeshift ring to introduce myself.

Tokyo interrupts his daily three-hour workout with a smile, a hearty "Me Number One!" and then dashes toward a stepladder perched in the ring. He does a brief acrobatic handstand on the top step and falls heavily on his back. He bounces up and starts pounding his head on a ring post. I've always been convinced that wrestling is phony, so I just watch in stupefied amazement.

"Me do 300 falls a day," Tokyo boasts in his bizarre English. "Maybe other people, it hurt, yes, but me no Number One for nothing. Some guy pick me up, boom! You know, this business very important. Everybody try to knock me off. Me have wife, three kids. Me stay Number One."

His Fu Manchu goatee takes on a devilish shape as he asks me to try some handstands on the ladder. I beg off. But Tokyo remains unconvinced. If it's not going to be handstands, I'm going to become a human barbell. With one fluid, almost-nonchalant movement Tokyo suddenly has my 175 pounds above his head. "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo?" Thankfully, no. After my relieved return to earth the show continues. Tokyo

stretches out on the canvas and hoists a 250-pound barbell as if it were a baby's rattle. He seems to be defying all the laws of gravity. Hardly concerned, he gives me a playful eye-twinkle, drops his "rattle" and returns to a corner of the ring. Again he uses his head as a battering ram.

The madness goes on for another hour. Finally, Tokyo reaches for a cold beer. During this pause I'm struck by the strangeness of his appearance. I can only gawk at him. Never before have I been so close to such a bizarre-looking person. While his ring-weary face—softened by delicate eyes and a pushed-in nose—looks almost too human, the rest of him seems anything but human. His legs, though Herculean, are no more than two feet long. *People eat hot dogs this size*, I think to myself. When he waddles along, he brings to mind all types of mysterious creatures.

There is nothing enigmatic about Tokyo's clothes. They are plainly from another world. Bold reds, oranges and greens shoot out like the tail of a comet lost in space. While St. Joe is no Beverly Hills or Manhattan, Tokyo kayos common good taste. He looks like a hallucination, something out of a Japanese sci-fi movie. His sweatpants are a blend of screaming reds and yellows. A tight-fitting T-shirt is too out-

rageously colored to describe, and when he changes out of his kimono into jeans, his final, startling touch combines an oversized, gold-buckled western belt with geisha-girl sandals.

Tokyo notices my incredulous stares. "You think me look funny," he charges. Fortunately for me, he smiles. "Everyday someone come in who want to beat me, the midget. They think they win. 'You just little,' they say. Me tell them come to gym. Some stupid guys come; others not show up."

Despite the temporary display of machismo, Tokyo is usually even-tempered, playful and charming. About the only thing that enrages him is that age-old question: Is wrestling fixed?

The moment the subject is broached, Tokyo grabs my hand, runs it through his prematurely graying hair and demands: "Feel those scars! If wrestling phony, why my head so banged up? Some people think just a show. Me always told this. After me cut head, people say, 'Ah, Tokyo, it tomato juice.' They stupid. They think me freak or believe all this circus act, but me no ha-ha-ha. Me no break arms if wrestling phony."

It's clear that Little Tokyo loves wrestling. The sport has been his passport out of poverty. Now that he's risen from Tokyo's Ginza district to own a large

house outside St. Joseph, it's understandable that he's one of wrestling's most ardent cheerleaders. Rough-and-tumble promoters, styled after Damon Runyon's shadiest characters, still fly-by-night in phone booths, in rundown arenas that reek of piss and beer, still evoke John Garfield's ghost; and blood-thirsty crowds are as savage as the observers of ancient Roman rites. But for Tokyo the sport remains rose-colored and, essentially, the American Dream.

The son of a factory worker and the oldest of five children, Shigeru Akabane had to leave school at 14 to work as a glass-blower. By this time he already understood that he was a midget (of the entire family, only his pituitary gland screwed up). Upon entering school a teacher called him "a cute (*kawao*) little boy." The experience left him with an indelible hurt, which still causes him to say, "Me no like. Me never forget this."

The mental torment, however, never eased. It only got worse. He started delivering bottles, and the other factory workers constantly ridiculed him. "*Chisai otoko, chisai otoko*." This abusive taunt, meaning "You small nothing," was a daily echo, and the youth felt as if he were being kicked repeatedly in the groin. Akabane had to do something. But what?

"That shit really bothered me," recalls Tokyo, who was exactly four-feet tall at the time. "So me had to fight. Me wanted to become strong. To get even with those people learned judo and boxing. Me wanted to become killer."

A four-foot Haystacks Calhoun sounds impossible, but Akabane was determined. He gave up all his social pursuits and became a student of Kodokan judo. Religiously he went to the gym each day after work to test his skills against bigger opponents.

Becoming more obsessed with combat, Akabane started going to wrestling matches, and it was at one of these events that his whole life changed. As is customary in Japan, spectators are allowed to challenge the combatants. So one night Akabane jumped into the ring and took on a Chinese wrestler, who was almost a foot taller.

"Me scared shit," confides Tokyo. "He so big and wide. Me not scared of my own people, but he different. Same with Americans and blacks. My father told me blacks eat people. The first time me see one, very scared. This American soldier say to me, 'Come on boy, I give you chocolate.' Me no like, so me take leg. Me switch his leg around and hold him in air for 30 seconds. Could have, but it no good to break his neck."

(continued on page 112)





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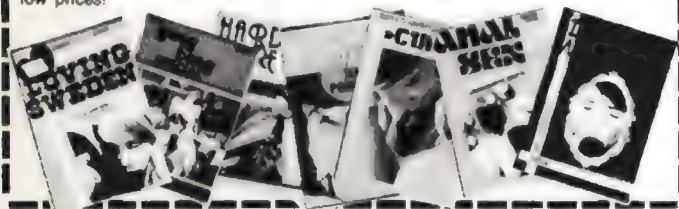
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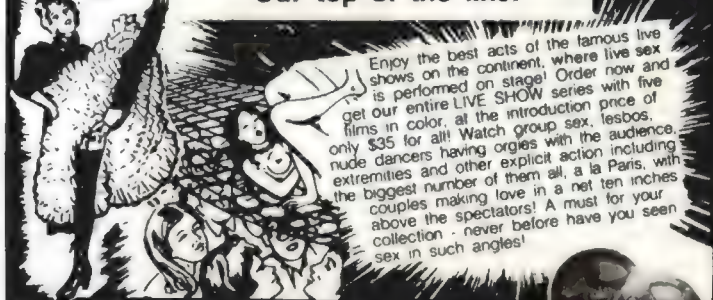
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UP IN SMOKE

(continued from page 78)

Cigarette-smoking is good for your sex life. The French brand Gauloises, for example, is hyped throughout Africa as "the virile cigarette," which, according to a tobacco trade journal, is "an important quality considering the male pride of the African." African cigarette advertising informs the potential user that he or she is "smart to smoke," that he or she will "enjoy that fine clear-head feeling" and that "very special taste of success." And always there is a sexy gal or a macho guy to stir the juices.

But that's garbage and we all know it. We all know it because our governments tell us so and even make the producers of cigarettes tell us so. Such advertising in the United States and Great Britain would bring the government cracking down on industry heads.

But not so when U.S. and British firms use such underhanded advertising techniques in the underdeveloped world. And that is why while "we" know about it "they" do not.

(Actually, the tobacco companies are not as bad as some government-run tobacco monopolies when it comes to pushing their products. The People's Republic of China, probably not content with the inefficient and expensive means used by Chairman Mao to

massacre Tibetans and others, hawks its cigarettes by claiming that they contain "an excellent tonic" or that they are known for "allaying asthma and relieving coughs.")

(Things are not much better over on Taiwan either. There cigarettes seem to take on the nature of fortune cookies, no less. Instead of health warnings, packs contain such propaganda goodies as: "Maintain self-respect and self-reliance. Stay calm in the face of adversity.")

Of course, it could be argued that the American and British governments do not know what is happening in that great big world out there—that they have no idea just what the tobacco companies are peddling in the underdeveloped nations. But anyone who makes such an argument is a fool or worse. For these two great Western governments know full well what the score is—and they just do not care.

In 1970 the *British Medical Journal* warned in an editorial: "There is a real danger of this deadly habit [smoking] being exported to the younger countries of Africa and Asia, and the Western world has a responsibility to see that it is not done. We have already produced millions of slaves to cigarettes in our own land. To export this slavery to the developing countries would be very wrong."

The concerned British doctors are not

the only ones calling attention to the situation. Not too long ago War on Want issued a report—"Tobacco and the Third World: Tomorrow's Epidemic?"—based on its "investigation into the production, promotion and use of tobacco in the developing countries."

The report stated: "The [Third World] smoker is callously, if not criminally, being sold cigarettes packing twice the punch of cancer-causing tars as that of the rich world's cigarettes. The international brand names are the same, but there are seldom warnings on the wrapper."

The unheeded warnings have come also from the World Health Organization (WHO), which calls it "the coming epidemic." Referring to the Middle East, WHO's Dr. K. S. Rao wrote in "The Special Nature of Tobacco Problems in the Eastern Mediterranean Region": "Cigarette smoking is spreading to younger age groups and teenage indulgence in the habit is becoming a daily sight. Even the customarily conservative womenfolk of the region seem to be resorting to smoking."

The worst offender by far is British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd., which owns Brown and Williamson Industries, Inc., in the United States, including the Brown and Williamson Corporation (Kool, Viceroy, Raleigh, Belair, DuMaurier). BAT's total domestic sales in 1975 amounted to an estimated \$1.5 billion.

According to BAT's 1977 annual report: "The Group's tobacco products are exported to over 180 countries and are supplied to most international shipping and air lines. Exports from the USA include Kool, Viceroy, Pall Mall, Lucky Strike and Kent [acquired when BAT paid \$141 million for P. Lorillard's international cigarette business outside the United States], and brands exported from the United Kingdom include such well-known House names as Benson and Hedges, John Player, Wills and State Express. HB and Kim are exported from [West] Germany and a range of Wintermans cigars from Holland."

By British-American Tobacco's own admission, the United States "has become the [tobacco] division's largest source of cigarette exports." BAT uses Brown and Williamson's highly automated facilities in the United States. The facilities had been greatly underused for a long time because of the slow growth of cigarette-smoking in this country. BAT uses them to produce substantial amounts of nondomestic cigarettes for export. That reportedly was one of the main reasons that British-American Tobacco bought Brown and

(continued on page 104)



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HUSTLER

Beaver Hunt

Fall's just around the corner, and this may be your last chance to snatch a prize from the summer's bevy of Beavers before they scurry for shelter from autumn's chill wind. So get those shutters clicking! We're looking for gals, guys and couples to feature in upcoming issues. We'll pay you 50 bucks for every photo we publish, so haul the camera out of storage and get those steamy color anapshots rolling in. And if you appear hot enough, we might

even select you for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

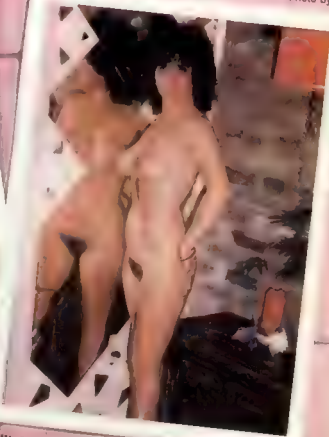
Send all entries to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 104 or a facsimile, and please be sure to fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your reward.

Photo by Ron



Twenty-four-year-old Scarlett hails from Dallas, Texas, where she practices her chief profession of "mistress." Her fantasy is to star in an orgy in the resort center of Ocho Rios, Jamaica.

Photo by Jim



Phyllis M., 31, is a budget analyst from Dayton, Ohio. She's a nudist with a yen to make love to Clint Eastwood while her husband shoots a movie of them. That way she can "look back and masturbate and relive it."

Photo by Friend



Linda Sue Duncan is an airline stewardess, but she came down to earth long enough for her boyfriend to take this snap. Thirty-year-old Linda loves sports cars and water sports.

Bathtub-lover Robyn Hills from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is a 24-year-old waitress whose hobbies are drinking and making love. She dreams of one day meeting a man who will talk her into an orgasm.

Photo by G K

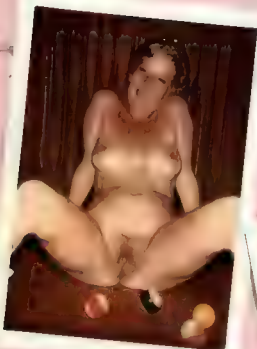


Photo by Dan Denton

Hammond, Indiana, is the home of court stenographer Janet Preisig. She's 27 and never fools around on Sundays because "the seventh day is the Lord's." But those other six days—watch out, Hammond!



Photo by Jijn



Meet 20-year-old Theresa Holland from Vancouver, Washington. Theresa, a waitress who loves animals and outdoor sports, has two fantasies: to ride a horse, nude on the beach and to make a sexual threesome with her husband and a friend.



Photo by David Holland

Thirty-seven-year-old Patricia Collar is a hot grandmother from Colorado Springs, Colorado. She likes to have fun, and her fantasy is to have sex with a different man "every night for the rest of my life."



Let's welcome Samantha Turner, a 21-year-old student from Alabama. Samantha likes swimming, sex and cooking soul food, and dreams one day of making it with Sly Stallone on a "red, round bed."

Photo by J. E. Cofer

Photo by Bob Garceau



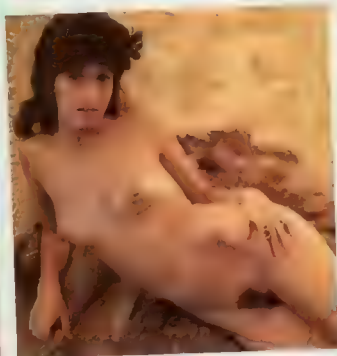
Bobby Baboon lives in Palatka, Florida. He's three years old and is a chimp . . . er, a champ at monkeying around. His fantasy is to "make it with three chicks who are all going aw."



Photo by James White

Statuesque Kendy Garceau, 19, is a housewife from Chatsworth, California. She likes to ride horses and take photographs, and her sexual fantasy is to appear in *Beaver Hunt*. Now she's realized it! Lucky us!

Photo by Gale Spencer



San Franciscan Karen Cottley, 26, is a professional dancer and model. She practices yoga and enjoys music and horseback riding. She tells us that she "would like to make love in a field of tall grass and daisies."

One for the Ladies

Photo by Wayne Saunders



Rick Baron from Strongsville, Ohio, is a 30-year-old salesman. When he's not shooting baskets or adding to his coin collection, he fantasizes about "making love to Cher in a rubber raft."

Linda Finnestad hails from Portland, Oregon. She's a 21-year-old salesperson who likes camping, hiking, and modeling for her husband. Her fantasy is to overcome her shyness and to eventually try new sexual techniques with her husband and friends.



Photo by Jon Finnestad



Here's Glenda Faye from Coral Gables, Florida. She's 32 years old and works as a barmaid. Glenda describes her hobbies as "sex, sex, sex," and dreams of making it with three or more. As she says, "Who keeps score?"

Photo by V. Dalena

HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

Phone (include area code) _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: _____

☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature _____

UP IN SMOKE

(continued from page 98)

Williamson in the first place. In fact, a high percentage of BAT's cigarettes being sold in the Third World come from Brown and Williamson plants in the United States.

In the United States British-American Tobacco also owns such nontobacco concerns as Gimbel Brothers (which operates 38 department stores in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin) and Saks Fifth Avenue, "a chain of 31 high-fashion stores in major metropolitan and suburban areas" with outlets in Arizona, California, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Texas.

And then there is the Kohl Corporation, which operates 62 supermarkets, ten value stores, six beverage outlets and four drugstores in the Milwaukee area, 13 supermarkets in the Chicago area, and the Mid America Packaging Company, Kohl's Institutional Food Service Division and Thrifty Bakeries.

In all, BAT's U.S. interests employ approximately 40,000 people. Combined annual sales, according to company statistics, are in excess of \$3 billion. Quite clearly, as BAT itself admits, it is "a substantial U.S. enterprise."

Yet the U.S. government seems oblivious to the fact that British-American Tobacco is exporting potential death from our shores. (This is the same U.S. government whose "Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health.")

BAT's tobacco operations in the underdeveloped world are incredibly extensive. Consider these choice comments in the 1977 annual report:

"In Brazil... another successful year achieving higher sales volume, together with increased prices, improved profits... Exports of leaf tobacco again increased substantially despite the growing domestic requirements, making a significant contribution to company profits...."

"In Venezuela... a very successful year with substantially higher volume and increased market share...."

"The [BAT] companies in Central America generally showed improved sales volume and profits... In the Caribbean also, sales and profits continued to improve." [In all, BAT subsidiaries operate in 13 countries in this region.]

"Overall sales and profits in [Asia] have again moved ahead with results from Southeast Asia being in line with the generally expanding economies of the region. In Malaysia, volume gains

particularly in higher priced brands... In Indonesia, higher profits were achieved owing to an increased share of an improved market... Although the political situation in Pakistan has affected sales volume, the company still managed to improve its profitability..." [BAT in this area operates in eight countries, including New Zealand and Australia.]

"In Kenya, high growth in sales... In Nigeria... [BAT] is about to expand its production capacity which is required to match market growth..." [BAT subsidiaries or affiliated companies operate in 12 African countries in all.]

We could go on, but the point is made. The tobacco business is expanding in the underdeveloped world like a BAT out of hell—also a Philip Morris out of hell and an R. J. Reynolds, both very American tobacco companies.

To again quote from Mike Muller's seminal War on Want report:

"BAT no longer has the run of the poor world. American companies, faced with stagnation at home, are turning abroad. Between 1966 and 1976, the total return on investment in U.S. tobacco companies was higher than that in all other industries except oil. By 1976, however, they were facing severe problems. Sales were growing slower than in any industry except the nose-diving aircraft business. Profits were growing slower than almost all other business sectors. The choice was simple: Get out of tobacco—or get into more profitable tobacco markets."

"Some have chosen to get out... Others are staying in."

As pointed out earlier, British-American Tobacco paid P. Lorillard \$141 million to get out of the international market so that BAT could sell the Lorillard brands throughout the world. Philip Morris and R. J. Reynolds, however, have expanded their international operations and are beginning to give BAT a run for its tobacco money.

But what, you ask, can the governments of the United States and Great Britain do to stop this? Actually, on the one hand there may be very little they can do short of an outright prohibition of the export of cigarettes. In this country, at least, such an act probably would be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

On the other hand there is something the two governments very well could do to show their displeasure. They could stop helping the tobacco companies spread their business the world over. And maybe, just maybe, a lot of lives wouldn't needlessly go up in smoke. ☹️

I'm not exactly a professional writer—in fact, right now I'm in jail in Colorado on some bullshit rap. Like many of the cons here, I spend quite a bit of time reading HUSTLER and other men's magazines. None of the others compare to HUSTLER when it comes to turn-on stories, and I thought your readers might be turned on by the story of something that happened to me a couple of years ago.

It was a Saturday night in the summer of 1977, and my buddy Jim and I were driving through a little town in Colorado in search of some action. We knew of a bar that had a great live band, so we boogied on down there. After drinking two pitchers of beer we played some pinball, listened to the band for a while and then set out to score some ladies.

We noticed a group of five very foxy chicks sitting on the other side of the room, and my friend immediately went over and asked one of them to dance. They soon were getting it on, so I decided it was time for me to make a move too. As I went over to the other four, I noticed that one, a really fine-looking slim blonde, was smiling in my direction. That lady's for me, I said to myself. I walked over to her and asked her to dance.

To my astonishment, she immediately burst into tears. I knew I wasn't drunk, and I just stood there trying to figure out what the hell was going on.

Then it dawned on me. In the bar's dim lighting I hadn't noticed at first that the chair she was sitting in was different from the others around the table. It was a wheelchair! I'd just asked a crippled girl to dance!

Feeling like a real asshole, I stammered out some awkward apology. Then I did a clumsy about-face and began to walk away. That's when I heard her voice calling me back. I turned around again, and she smilingly asked if I'd like to join her and her friends. Her tears seemed to have vanished.

I came back to the table with as much dignity as possible, sat down and

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



WHEELCHAIR WOMAN

by Johnny Trujillo

ordered a round. The girl in the wheelchair told me her name was Jill and introduced me to her friends.

Jill had had polio as a child, she told me. Even though her legs were paralyzed, they looked pretty good, and the rest of her was something else—soft, golden hair put up at the back, a long, shapely neck and a great pair of tits that pushed aggressively against her blouse.

After a while Jim came over to say that he and his chick were going to split in her car, so I was on my own. Two of the other girls also left, leaving me with just Jill and her girlfriend Sarah.

I was getting very horny, but I couldn't decide which girl to focus my

attention on. I really liked Jill; she was sexy, good company and had a sense of humor. Frankly, though, I was uptight about her disability. I knew it was my problem, not hers, but I didn't know how to handle it. Part of me wanted to take her home and fuck the living daylights out of her, while the other half of me wanted to treat her like a sick sister.

Meanwhile, Sarah wasn't really my type. She was too fat in the hips and talked nonstop about her job as a dental technician, and I'd already heard more than I wanted to about chickenshit patients with root-canal problems. But she had two good legs, and I figured I'd have no problem spreading them. I know I'm coming across like a real prick telling you all this, but I'm trying to be as honest as I can about what I was feeling as we sat there in the bar.

It was Sarah who finally got me off the hook. She'd brought Jill to the bar in her car, and she said she wanted to drive home now before she got too bombed. She asked Jill if she was ready to go, and Jill said she'd rather stay with me if I didn't mind, and asked if I'd drive her home later. I said I'd be delighted, and that was that.

About an hour later Jill and I were sitting next to each other on the couch in her apartment. I really felt great wheeling her out of the club. I knew she was at-

tracting a lot of attention, and I was getting my fair share of admiring looks from women, which made me feel kind of proud and protective. When we got to my car, she told me how to lift her out and put her on the seat and then how to fold up her chair. She was as light as a child, and she gave off a sexy aroma of soap and baby powder when I lifted her. But I was still uptight about her disability, and by what looked like the end of the evening I'd pretty much decided that this was going to be a platonic affair and that soon I'd be back in my own bed, alone.

However, I figured the least I could do for Jill was show her some affection

before I split. I kissed her, and to my surprise she started to wriggle around on the couch as if she were getting hot. Then she pulled me across her and whispered that she wanted me to kiss her harder and that I was being too gentle. "I'm not made of china," she said. "Be as rough as you like. I'm not going to break."

That was when it dawned on me what an asshole I'd been. All I'd seen was a gimp in a wheelchair, and I'd thought I was doing her a favor by kissing her. But Jill was more than a gimp. She was a passionate woman, and a very sexy one at that.

I picked her up and carried her into her bedroom. Even before we sank down onto the bed, she had her hands inside my shirt and was raking my chest with her fingernails. For the first time that night my cock threatened to force its way out of my pants. Jill was moaning in back of her throat as she thrust her tongue into my mouth, and I soon had her blouse and bra off, releasing those fantastic breasts. The nipples were standing up like a couple of Rocky Mountain peaks, and a thin film of sweat between her tits beckoned to my tongue like a sign saying "Free Beer." I love the taste of female sweat, and I licked up every drop.

We kissed some more, and when we

came up for air, I slowly undressed the rest of her. She was wearing a three-quarter-length skirt, and I felt her tense up as I lifted her body away from it. I knew this was because I'd be seeing her legs, and I held her tightly and protectively, trying to show her (with my body rather than with words) that she had nothing to worry about.

I wasn't bullshitting her either. Her legs were skinny, true, and one of them was a little bit skinnier than the other. But they were tanned and long, and I didn't see anything wrong with either of them. I had Jill lie back on the bed and started a slow, deep massage on each leg, working my way up from her feet. I asked her what she could feel. She told me it was mostly numb down there, but that she could sense a warmth from my hands that felt good to her.

I lifted both her legs easily with one arm as she lay on her back, bent them gently across her breasts and slowly pulled her white-nylon panties up and away from her crotch. She moved her ass up obligingly as I did so—she had full mobility to a point about halfway down her thighs—and I got my first glimpse of her luscious little cunt. It was framed by a downy fuzz of naturally blond hairs.

I lowered her legs down from her breasts and turned her over on her stomach. Then, starting at her shoul-

ders, I poured some massage oil all over her body and worked it in deep and hard. Apart from those great tits she was damn skinny everywhere, and she squirmed in mingled pain and pleasure as I dug deep into her back. I got even rougher when I reached her ass, seizing handfuls of tight flesh and working it hard like bread dough.

Next, I turned her over again and went to work on her thighs. Jill couldn't open her legs by herself, and it turned me on like crazy to move them this way or that, knowing she couldn't move them back until I did it for her.

Finally, she was covered in a film of oil and sweat, and just lay there manipulating her nipples with her fingers. Every so often she'd whip her head back and forth on the pillow. Every part of her body seemed to be in motion except her legs, and I took off the rest of my clothes as I watched her.

Usually I like to spend a lot of time going down on a woman before I fuck her, but I knew Jill was more than ready for me now. For a second or two I was unsure what the best position would be. Then I figured it out: side by side. I turned Jill firmly onto her side so her back was to me, with a pillow between her knees, and then I scooped my arm in behind her knees so her body was curled like a fetus in the womb. I moved in behind her, held her by the shoulders and slid my prick right in as far as it could go. She screamed in ecstasy. Her cunt was fever-hot and so slippery with juice that I could hardly feel her pussy walls.

For minutes we just lay there, my cock pulsing in her cunt as if it had a life of its own. Then, when neither of us could stand it any longer, I jerked my hips like pistons and hosed my jism into her pussy.

Jill and I met several times after that, and then I got into a couple of scrapes with the law and we drifted apart. But I'll never forget her or our first night together. And I'll always be grateful to her, whether we meet again or not, because she opened my eyes to a lot of damn-fool prejudices I had about disabled people.

The way I see it, for most able-bodied people these prejudices are based on fear or anxiety. Usually they come out in the form of a hesitation to touch a disabled person for fear you'll break them or something. Jill proved to me that disabled people crave touching just as much as anyone else—maybe more so. And she proved something else—that a disabled woman can be as sexy as she wants to be, and just as sexy as a woman who has full control of her limbs.

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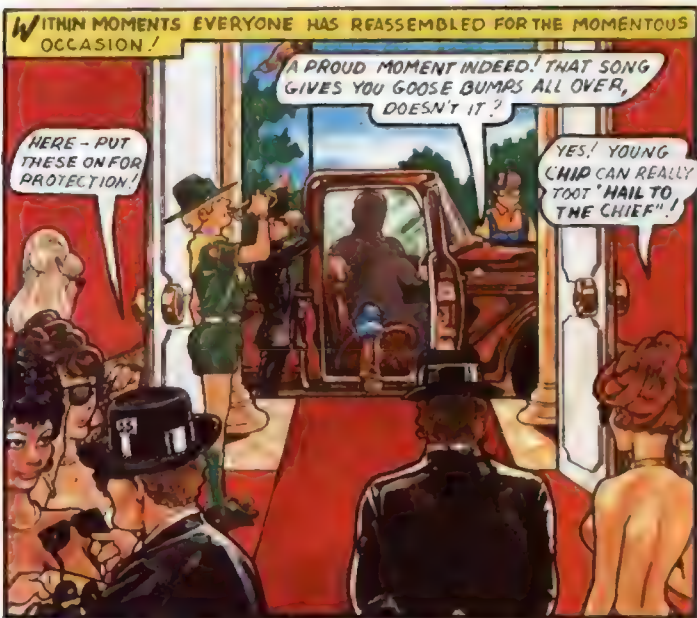
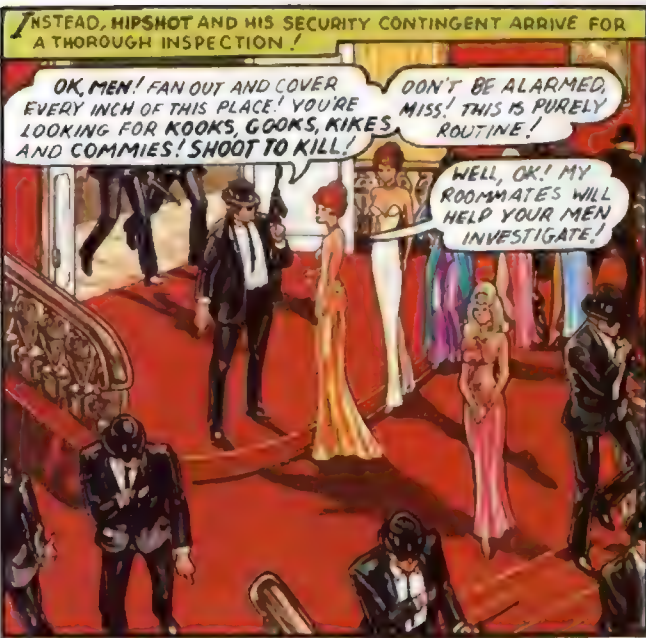


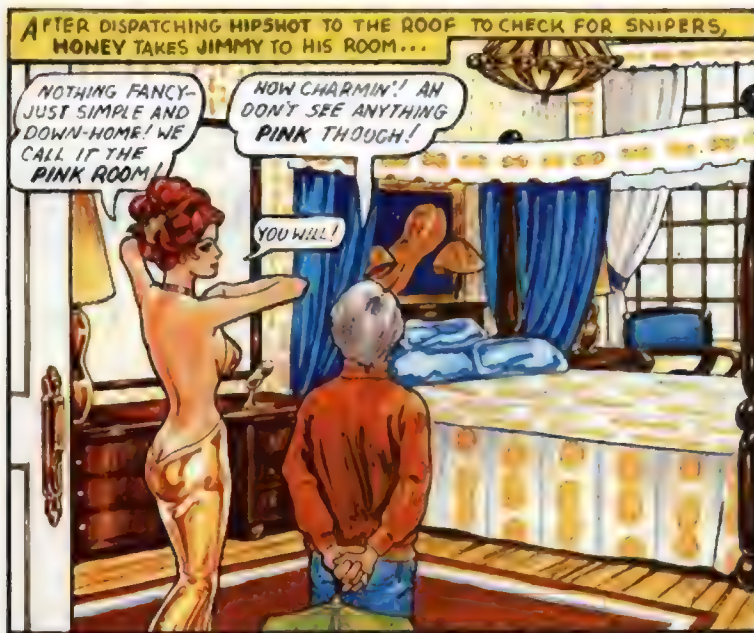
Honey

LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN AMERICA THESE DAYS, HONEY IS FEELING THE PINCH OF SKY-ROCKETING PRICES!

EVERYTHING'S GOING UP—GAS, ELECTRICITY, DRY CLEANING, BOOZE, CONTRACEPTIVES—
I'M EITHER GONNA HAVE TO RAISE MY PRICES OR GIVE OUT LESS PUSSY!







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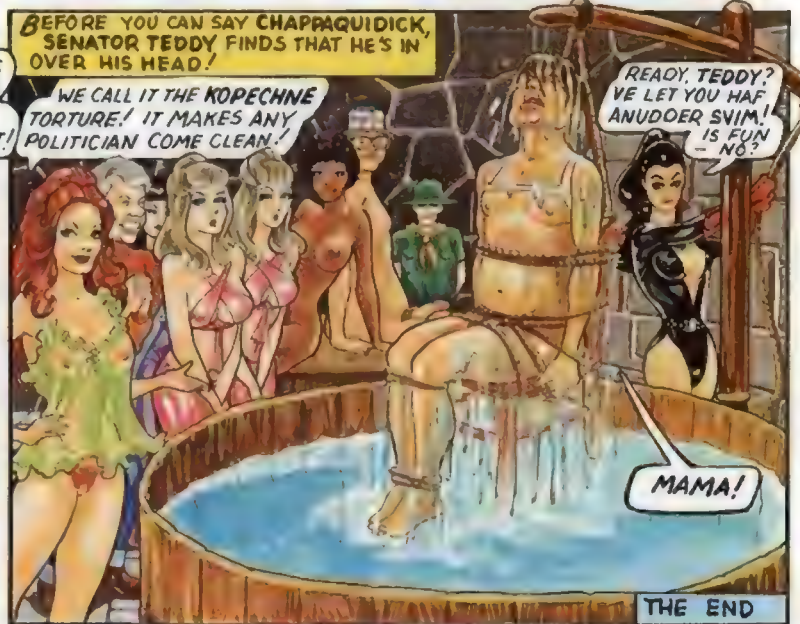


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THEY SAY POLITICS MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS, WHILE PREZ JIMMY CONSULTS HIS POSITION PAPERS, HONEY GIVES HIM A LESSON IN PHYSICAL RESPONSIVENESS AND BALANCED BEDSHEETS.



THE END

A GAMBLING MAN

(continued from page 90)

breasts in my hands. I bent my knees enough to push my hard and eager flesh between her legs.

"Oh, my," she said, squeezing her legs together. "I'll call your raise."

"And bump me back, I hope."

"With everything I've got."

"That's all I want," I murmured, kissing her wet neck.

We dried off quickly, and she undid her hair, letting it fall over her shoulders in dark, luxuriant waves. I stood in front of her, pointing my arrow straight at her target. She grasped me and excitedly sucked in her breath, then removed her hand. "There's one thing I want to know," she said. "Why do they call you Lightning?"

I laughed. "It's an old nickname. I'm as quick as a computer at figuring odds. Also, when I started playing cards, I practiced so much that I could deal faster than anybody."

"Good." She put her arms around me. "I was hoping it was something like that."

We kissed. Pressed against me, her body was an electric current that charged my ions wildly. I felt a surge of passion fill me like fever, as though my entire body were a hard penis, urgent, sensitive and pulsating.

With slow, dreamlike movements we made it to the bed and lay down. I kissed her breasts, beautiful works of art that thrilled me fully. She gasped and held me close. Delighting in her response, I caressed and fondled her smooth and earnest flesh, lightly teasing the nipples that stood like little rosy hats. Then I began to stroke her gently.

Our hands explored each other's bodies as though we were blind and could form an image only through touch, and there was nothing we wanted to miss. She nibbled at my neck and earlobes, making little moaning sounds that pleased and excited me. Foraging, I put my hand between her legs, and she inhaled sharply, tensing and digging her nails into my back. She was warm and wet and ready. I too was ready.

I clambered over her and thrust into her snug warmth with a plunge of sheer joy. She locked her legs around my back and pulled me deep into her. "Yes," she said. "Oh, yes." In perfect union we became something more than two people, and we were conscious of only one thing, one all-important, interlocking and demanding need that obliterates self.

We were a unit fitted together like two stacked chips, and we rocked in a tight embrace that became more and

more insistent.

She pulled me to her tightly—as though she were afraid I would escape. But leaving was the last thing on my mind.

I wanted to gallop her like a horse, I wanted to make her buck and jump, I wanted to drive her to ecstasy—because that's where I was headed, and I wanted her with me all the way.

She whimpered and gripped me fiercely, as though I were a life raft and she were drowning. Then she began a series of cries that got louder and longer until they ran together into a sustained yell that I felt more than heard. As I pumped myself into her, I answered her cries with a desperate caterwaul and a body-wrenching explosion that left me floating in peace like a cloud in a summer sky.

For a couple of minutes we languished in a thick, honeyed silence, and our breathing returned to something close to normal. I slipped off of her and lay on my back in total relaxation, which slowed my pulse to 150 mph. I closed my eyes and drifted like a boat without an anchor.

Lynn stretched herself, then snuggled close to me. "There's a great advantage to discipline and control," she purred.

"Mmmm," I answered.

"Makes it so wonderful to let go and

totally lose control."

"Mmmm."

"You're not much for conversation, are you?"

"Nope, I'm a man of action."

She rested her forearm on my chest. "This is the first time I've ever been glad of losing."

"And I've never enjoyed winning so much before."

"I'll tell you something: When you caught the king of hearts, I knew you had me beat."

"Yeah?"

"I could've folded, you know."

I thought about that for a moment. "This cost you money."

"It was worth it—in more ways than you think."

I was beginning to catch on. "When word of this gets around, you'll be welcome in any game in town."


"And have an edge."

I sat up and looked at her.

She read the question in my face. "Don't worry—I wouldn't do this again."

"Can I bet on that?"

She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me down. "You sure can. Everything you've got."

Satisfaction shone from her face like sunshine in Spain. She was a winner all right. In every way. 

Imagine... a BLOW JOB any time you desire!

Just close your eyes and make believe it's the girl you'd most like to have wrap her slithering tongue around the part of you that appreciates it most...sucking in her cheeks, pressing with her lips, teasing with her teeth, humming with her throat.

Now You Can Have It Any Time You Wish!

And at a price less than half what you'd expect! It's no secret. The FELLATRIX-G is a knock-off! The original was invented by a competitor of ours. He charges \$24.95. By using computer technology we've learned to make the same kind of device for less than half. So now if you'd like to have that oral loving feeling any time you feel like it, you need not pay \$24.95, because we charge only

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The FELLATRIX-G is so lifelike can give you the feeling a real expert blowjob. It has a built-in electronic hummer to give you tiny tingles that send you up the wall. Any you control how fast it sucks and hums...go for a quickie, or make it last all night. So if you want a blowjob and can't wait till she gets in the mood, you need the FELLATRIX-G right now!

Send to: Reseda Supply, Box 3000, Dept. 273, Reseda CA 91335

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send _____ FELLATRIX-Gs @ \$9.95 ea \$ _____

Also send _____ tubes of Lubri-gel @ \$2 ea. \$ _____

In California add 6% sales tax. \$ _____

Add \$1.00 for postage & packaging. \$ 1.00

Total amount enclosed. \$ _____

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order



Deluxe FELLATRIX-G...\$9.95
(Easy to Keep Clean/Lasts for Years)
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(Like Warm Saliva)...\$2 ex.

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Reg. \$35 • Our factory direct price only \$19.95

FACTORY DIST., Suite 609 Dept. 4134
6255 Sunset Bl., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

LITTLE TOKYO

(continued from page 96)

Luckily for Akabane, he also made an airplane out of the Chinese fellow. And as a result he got a stroke of good fortune. In the audience the reigning World's Midget Wrestling Champion, Lord Littlebrook, was watching. Later the two men met, and Akabane told him, "Me want to go to your country. Me challenge you. Just get me to America."

In 1973, three years after their initial meeting, Little Tokyo and Lord Littlebrook met again. Only this time both were in a ring in Topeka, Kansas, ready to slug it out for the world championship. Again Tokyo heard that familiar chorus "Jap bastard, we remember Pearl Harbor" and got scared. But another emotion, a fierce will to win, triumphed. Tokyo won the grueling, 40-minute match.

"For years I thought that midget wrestling's first champion, Sky Low Low, had set standards that would never be equaled," says Littlebrook, who now scrambles from matches to St. Joe to fix up his recently acquired bar, Mutt and Jeff's. "But Tokyo has greater athletic ability. He is so set on being Number One that he's come up with certain strengths I didn't think were possible. No one can beat him right now. I've been in this business for 27 years, and I'm damn sure, pound for pound, he's stronger than Ali."

Once Tokyo and I leave the garage and enter his house, he hurries to a refrigerator for more beer. When I ask for a glass, things become more complicated. He mutters some indecipherable Japanese and then hunts for a step-ladder so he can reach the cabinets. I apologize for being a pain in the ass, realizing at the same time that his life is a constant, ball-busting struggle.

He watches TV from a rocker that closely resembles a baby's high chair. His car is outfitted with special foot pedals. Clothes that fit are difficult to find. Light switches, bathroom fixtures and closets pose unavoidable dilemmas. And Tokyo's favorite sport besides wrestling—standing at a bar with a beer—is a frustrating, anxiety-ridden and difficult experience.

Moreover, as Tokyo admits, wrestling itself "is a mixed-up life; me never know what happening." One day he might be in Butte, Montana, while the next day he could have to drive to Green Bay, Wisconsin. Airplanes are almost always out of the question, since payoffs average about \$200 a match and are totally dependent on the size of the

crowds. (Tokyo has picked up as little as \$60 for a night's work.) Consequently, his life is an insecure one, with only one known certainty—he will be away from his family most of the time.

Only a bare-boned, skeletal view of Tokyo's financial dealings is possible. Reporters can learn about the "cuts" or promotional ties of "main eventers" like Billy "Superstar" Graham and Bruno Sammartino, but when it comes to "undercard" wrestlers like Tokyo, a CIA-styled curtain of secrecy is drawn. In this no-man's land promoters hand out press tickets through chained door slits, wrestlers shake their heads dumbly when asked about "receipts" or "percentages," and just to make sure no one in authority—like the IRS—is looking, elaborate, contractual "dodges" are concocted.

"It's such a haphazard, crazy business that even us professional wrestling writers don't know all the answers," says Norman Kietzer, the editor of *The Wrestling News*, who's been in the business 20 years. "They only tell us what they want us to hear. Everything is 'probably' in wrestling. There are so many complicated deals going on, wrestlers don't even tell, or can't tell each other what they get."

Nor is Tokyo much help. Whenever actual financial figures are discussed, he retreats into a "me speak Japanese" fog.

Guesswork, then, has to suffice. Apparently, Tokyo draws bigger bucks than most wrestlers since he's undeniably an "attraction." While his more normal-sized colleagues stay close to home, Tokyo criss-crosses the country; and since he's only in a given town once or twice a year, his uniqueness earns him top billing. And since a higher spot means a fatter paycheck, Tokyo could make between \$300 and \$500 in places like Boise, Idaho, or Des Moines, Iowa.

Larger cities offer even better deals. In wrestling meccas—arenas like New York City's Madison Square Garden—the wrestlers get a percentage of the crowd receipts. Since attendance usually hovers between 12,000 and 15,000, with ticket prices averaging \$6 to \$8 (that's about \$100,000 to be divided among the wrestlers, managers and promoters), a "middle draw" like Tokyo can pick up \$2,000 for a night's work.

The Sammartinos and Haystacks Calhouns are such name entities that they usually don't depend on "percentages." They often have a set price, and promoters will generally pay it.

Meanwhile, the lesser names who depend on gate receipts often have to supplement their incomes with outside jobs. It's either that or four or five

(continued on page 118)

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

COMPANY LINE

Many of the complaints we receive result from customer error, not company negligence or rip-offs, so we asked Roland LeMorris of *Diverse Industries, Inc.* (7651 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406) what mistakes the mail-order buyer should watch out for. He provided a helpful checklist:

1. *Avoid sending cash*—Yes, we've all heard this before, but buyers still send currency. Except when you're sending only a buck or so for a catalog, putting cash in your letter is inviting trouble. If you have no other choice, at least send the letter by certified or registered mail.

2. *Make your order legible*—Most people's handwriting resembles Sanskrit. Type if possible; otherwise print.

3. *Make sure your address is correct*—Many letters don't have return addresses on them. It's not uncommon for customers to mix up their house numbers. Also, ZIP codes should be included as part of all addresses.

4. *Read and follow directions on order forms*—Use computer codes and labels provided for your use. They're designed to speed up your order. Use company reply envelopes when they're included, because they're usually similarly coded for speedy processing. Make sure you include all postage and handling fees.

5. *Keep records of your correspondence*—It's wise to photocopy all checks, money orders, credit-card billing slips, delivery receipts, etc., that you accumulate in your dealings with a mail-order company. If trouble arises, you have proof to back up your complaint.

6. *Return merchandise properly*—If for some reason you don't want what the company sends you, it's wise to return the parcel by certified or registered mail. Always include an explanation as to why you're sending it back. Pack the merchandise securely—don't just stuff it into a paper sack and tie it with string. The Postal Service, we sometimes think, hires people whose only job is to pound packages with baseball bats. In most

cases you'll have to absorb the loss if you don't return the merchandise properly.

Mr. LeMorris also pointed out that Postal Service theft does exist. "There's very little we can do about it except file claims for lost merchandise. That's one reason why it's important for both us and the customers to keep records of all correspondence. I'm told that theft is particularly high in our business, for obvious reasons, and also for companies that send jewelry through the mail."

He added that theft occurs not only with respect to the Postal Service but also to UPS and anybody else who delivers mail.

LeMorris also volunteered two more pieces of advice. First, most large, reputable companies will be glad to send you literature about their product line if you state that you're over 19 years old and interested in receiving sexually oriented items. Second, if you don't want your name on mail-order-company lists, request that your name be removed. Most porn firms are anxious to avoid any friction in this area. If possible, send the company the label-coded envelope its material came in. As added insurance, request Form #2201 from the Post Office and fill it out. Once this form is processed, your name will go on the government's list of people not desiring to receive sexually oriented ads through the mails.

Diverse Industries, as our regular readers know, is one of *HUSTLER's* Dependable Dealers.

DOUBLE TALK

I don't know how many times I've seen a company get lambasted in *Mail-Order Feedback*, only to turn the page and see that same firm advertising in *Mail-Order Mania*. In April you exposed *Chris Distributing Company* (P.O. Box 85097, Los Angeles, California 90072); yet in May and June you ran ads from *Chris Importers* (same address) for the same phony love doll.

I believe in free enterprise, but on the other hand I think you guys owe a duty to people like B. P. in Butte, Montana, who got stuck with a paper love doll. If you think a product is bogus, why advertise it? If Larry Flynt says he won't sell out, dammit, let's see some proof!

—S. D. A.

Anchorage, Alaska

In the past, Mail-Order Feedback and our Advertising Department were often working at cross-purposes, each unaware of what the other was doing. That lack of communication is being remedied, and Chris Distribut-

ing and other Shifty Sellers have been barred from further advertising in HUSTLER.

Ads for other products panned in this column—such as \$3 grab bags and placebo sex aids—are still running because we feel the customers who buy them know what they're getting. Our job is to educate the buyer, but not to act as a censor. For instance, some guys don't mind getting a box of junk mags for \$3. Others believe that placebo love pills work; if that makes them happier or improves their performance, who are we to ban such products from *Mail-Order Mania*?

Mail-Order Feedback will continue to work with the *HUSTLER* ad department to keep the frauds off our pages, but readers should also use their own discretion. By now anyone who reads this column every month should have an idea, just by looking at an ad, if that particular company really has what he's looking for.

INFLAMED CUSTOMER

In *Velvet* magazine I answered an ad for *Heat* (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028) that read: "Guaranteed to Spread her Legs. If you think aphrodisiacs are hot stuff, you haven't tried *Heat*. Now you can put her in heat quicker and make her hotter than with any pill you've ever tried! We Guarantee that she will spread her legs for you again and again or your money back! Highly concentrated. Positive results in less than 10 minutes. Pack of 9 only \$2.95 or 3 packs (27) for only \$6.95."

The merchandise came from *Sender* (P.O. Box 34866, Los Angeles, California 90034). It included a small slip of paper saying, "Here is your love jell." It also contained three packs of matches (nine matches per pack). On each side of the matchbooks is written, "It pays to advertise." On the other side it says, "Stick it where it counts." Inside it has the upper half of a girl with paper legs that spread when you open the cover.

Is there anything I can do? I'm burned up!

—S. C.

Kewadin, Michigan

Many mail-order crooks are pranksters at heart, and you're getting the butt of one of their jokes. We sympathize with you, but at the same time we have to horselaugh right along with the turd who sent you your Heat. The wording in the ad should have alerted you to the hoax. C'mon, who's going to sell you a surefire aphrodisiac for \$7? By the way, Mail-Order Feedback first alerted readers to this scam in our November 1977 issue. Since then HUSTLER has permanently extinguished Heat ads from Mail-Order Mania.

TEN INCHES POSSIBLE!

Would you like to have an 8, 9 or 10 INCH COCK? We can give it to you! All you need is the **DESIRE** and to make the **DECISION to ACT TODAY**, and in **SIX WEEKS OR LESS**, depending on how you respond, you could have a **COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG**. No fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride of displaying your **BIG COCK** to your favorite playmate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be a **MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES**. Send \$6.95 to **ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES**, Dept. 4134, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

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HOW TO make a killing in your own small business. Free 18 page report reveals the hottest 142 business opportunities for 1979. Write: Entrepreneur, 631 Wilshire Blvd., Dept. 853, Santa Monica, Ca. 90401

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

***RENT A Date!** Everywhere America! Your lovelystyle! (Deductible) *Hotline (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091

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THOUSAND Ladies Photos Matrimonial Catalog, \$2.00. Intercontact, Box 737, Ft. Lauderdale, Fl. 33302

FREE French tickler, sex catalog! New, 7247-H Eccles, Dallas, Tx. 75227

JAPANESE Girls make wonderful wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only \$2.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-HU, Carnelian Bay, Ca. 95711

XXX RATED! Paperback written off restroom walls! Original graffiti. Great party entertainment. \$3.50. Specht, Box 1012, Carlsbad, Ca. 92008

GAL'S Swinging Group now accepts men! Carolyn, Box 2375-H, Sarasota, 33578

"I'D RATHER Be Screwing" bumper sticker. Send \$1.25 to: Decagram, Box 6051(A), Portland, Or. 97228

NUDE beaches, resorts, bordellos, swing clubs, USA and worldwide. Free details. Fun Club, Box 432(H15), Bellflower, Ca. 90706

DISCREET, personal introductions. Sensual, sophisticated swingers. Couples-Singles. Inquire: Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pa. 17402. 1-717-848-1408.

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HOOKERS Directory! Details \$1. Directory (50107), Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

UNBELIEVABLE Picture: Man "Faced" with foxy nude girl. \$3.00. Specht, Box 1012, Carlsbad, Ca. 92008

MEET sexual friends nationwide. Call Tracy. 312-262-9800.

BEAUTIFUL Girls, all continents, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details free! Hermes-Verlag, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, West Germany

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HAVE pretty girls write to you. Big list. Sample photo. Rush stamp. Joni's, Box 20809(N), Atlanta, Ga. 30320

ORIENTAL Girls nude. Jumbo color close-up photos, \$2.00. Command, Box 14594-H, Orlando, Fl. 32857

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MEET Real swinging girls. Free information: Custom-Groups, 51 Peekamoose Rd., Sundown, N.Y. 12782

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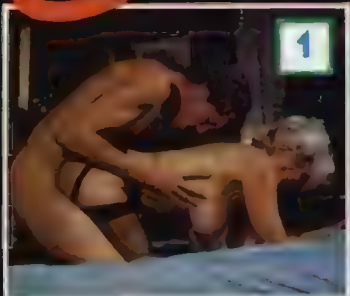
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3

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Men wanted: single or married, any age. Send photo & phone no.

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YOU'VE NEVER SEEN OR 'FELT' ANYTHING LIKE THIS...!

LIFE SIZE DOLL AND SHE'S **SOLID**

NOT INFLATED!

AND... I TALK!!

WE CALL HER ANGIE. BUT YOU'LL CALL HER THE MOST SATISFYING PARTNER YOU'VE EVER IMAGINED!

DEEP THROAT

To love you in that special way — all the way down, Angie's angelic face has kissable lips that open to a throat 7" deep. She was "born with a taste for French," and she'll satisfy you over and over.



**SHE'S PERFECT...
BETTER
THAN
REAL!**

FIRM, DETAILED BREASTS

Angie has breasts that are firm and exciting to touch. Not huge, but bigger than you'd expect on such a sweet, young thing. Her nipples are perky and hard, and they stick out under a T-shirt. The temptation to reach out and make them your own will be irresistible.



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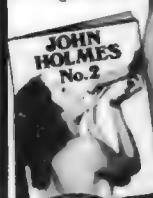
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LITTLE TOKYO

(continued from page 112)

matches a week. Tokyo frequently falls victim to just such a schedule, since in his travels he often encounters a "cold gate"—a small-town arena filled with empty seats.

"It's impossible to catalog what everyone is doing," adds editor Kietzer. "A Sammartino could make \$300,000 a year, while someone like Tokyo might pull in only \$15,000 or \$20,000. I don't really know—it all depends on how things are set up. The person who wins the main event gets the biggest purse, while the person who loses the first event gets the smallest. There are so many schemes. I have no idea what midget wrestlers earn. I do know that midgets wrestle as often as they want to. They're real popular because they're so unique."

The father of three children (all of whom are of normal height), Tokyo sadly nods his head when Lord Littlebrook says, "It's the traveling that gets you down. We often have to drive 800 miles a day." And while Littlebrook undoubtedly feels the stress of being away from his wife (both men are married to much taller women), the pain is doubly acute for Tokyo. For several years he didn't have enough money to bring his wife to this country, and now, after acquiring some savings, he's still alone much of the time.

The roller-coaster life has to upset him, but Tokyo also appreciates his uniqueness. Many midgets are cast in familiar roles; they either become circus clowns, "curiosities" in carnivals or are forced into dangerous jobs, like special mechanics who have to crawl into motors. Few midgets escape the "freak" label, and even fewer get beyond America's biased, "no trespassing" signs to enter the athletic world.

"Me freak," Tokyo admits, "and it hard sometimes, but me not think about it much. When young guy, me always fighting about mouth on everyone. Anyway, now me very much change. Take it easy. My kids ask questions—'Why you small?'—and me tell them no eat much. They believe me. They eat very much.

"Anyway, now me have lots of fun. Wrestling not easy. Me miss baby. It not happy life. But me enjoy when people say, 'Hey, St. Joe, good match.' Me half-American now—becoming citizen. If me big, never see this country. Me midget; it special. Me can do things other people can't. This Number One."

The emotional words keep flowing, and meanwhile Tokyo's baby-sized fingers become redder as he tightens his

grip on his beer. One of his kids is crying; another is banging into a wall with a toy car. But now a look of suspended animation has come over him. Presumably, Tokyo is in his own world, one reserved for giants.

His Zen-like calm, his grin and his facial glow make a touching portrait. But even in this spiritual atmosphere dark clouds pass. The question can be asked: Will Tokyo remain Number One for long? One doesn't have to be clairvoyant to come up with an answer. The giveaway is Tokyo's prematurely graying hair and the laugh that always accompanies questions about his age. He admits to being 30. But when pressed about the timing of various events in his life, he retreats into a cocoon, and the matter is dropped.

The age dispute doesn't have that much significance, but even Tokyo confesses: "Me not as strong as used to be. You should see me few years ago. Could do all kind of things, all day long. Still beat shit out of most taller people, but maybe now me drink little too much beer."

"Have to keep in this business, no matter what. It only way my kids go to school. Me no want to be in circus. Me different than those people. Brook used to be in circus, but me no like. Me tall midget, no like freaks."

His words come out more slowly now, and it's apparent that he's again slipping into another world. Only this time the arena has few bright lights, and there are no cheering crowds. Suddenly, Tokyo is forced to think about his future, and he's not quite sure what his tea leaves read.

"Me not know. Maybe can go on until 50," he says, thumbing through a schedule of upcoming matches. "Me try. Me love showing strength. Maybe someday me Number Second. Even then still go on."

Then the twinkle returns to Tokyo's face. "Me no worried. Maybe later me open restaurant. Me good cook. People around here love Oriental food. Me hungry boy. Eat everything—steak, french fries, ice cream—no worried. Me keep eating, stay strong."

"When come to New York to wrestle, we go out. Me show you good Japanese restaurant. You like sushi? Me love coming to Madison Square Garden, to New York. Wrestling there good. When start in this business, me always say, 'Tokyo, you Number-One boy when you in Madison Square Garden.' Now me go there. Everyone see Tokyo then. It dream. Me see you too. OK?"

Before I have time to respond, Tokyo puffs up his chest, raises a beer can in mock salute and playfully cries, "Kan-

pai, kanpai" ("good luck").

The big night is here—April 30, 1979. Little Tokyo is in New York City.

A mad shriek in the night fills Madison Square Garden. The voices are screaming themselves hoarse, and for added effect posters wave, bearing unmistakable messages. "YOU SUCK DIRTY ASSHOLES" and "KILL THE COCKSUCKER" are only a few of the crowd's well-chosen greetings, as wrestlers spring from the dressing room into the Big Time. The various points are driven home by the shower of ice-cream containers and half-eaten oranges and pretzels hurled at the combatants.

The carnival-like show is keenly enjoyed by Tokyo, who—standing safely away from ringside—screams and laughs his approval. One by one the wrestlers go through their antics; and as each bout draws its guffaws or particular taunts from the crowd, Tokyo's appetite for combat increases. Tonight he wants to conclude hostilities swiftly so he can get to his favorite restaurant.

"Me no good," admits Tokyo, flexing his stomach. "No can eat before match. Me no like." At this point the court jester of wrestling, Lou Albano, walks by and gives Tokyo a playful pat on the ass. I ask Albano about Tokyo, and he roars, "This man is the greatest; he's agile, strong and has infinitesimal [sic] fortitude. He's unreal; he's been to hell and back."

Tokyo likes the attention, and though he complains about not eating, it's clear that he's really at home. Here there's a backstage camaraderie he can easily savor. Not only are the big names present, like World Wrestling Federation heavyweight champ Bob Backlund and the three Valiant Brothers, but Tokyo also fits in well with the swarms of referees, promoters and even the hucksters.

His eyes brighten every time someone greets him or offers him a deal; and though it goes unsaid, another far-stranger presence rallies his high spirits. Lurking thickly in the air, the smell of elephants and other animals is proof that the circus is in town. Tokyo knows this. He has seen the cages and props. He could also be part of that—but he isn't. He recognizes this vital truth, and the Garden tonight seems doubly rewarding.

Of course, Tokyo sticks to basics. "Me no care what they throw in ring. Hot dogs, apples, peanuts, it not important. Maybe 15,000 people here. That mean lots of money."

Tokyo won't be spending all of it, since next to him is his tag-team partner for the evening, Butch Cassidy. The

blond-haired Texan is Tokyo's frequent sidekick-in-arms, and the pair win about three-fourths of their matches. "We get drunk after winning," boasts Tokyo, now nervously patting down his hair, waiting for his entrance cue.

The din is tremendous. Once Tokyo and Cassidy hop into the ring, it appears as if the circus animals have broken out of their cages. Crazies dressed in POLISH POWER T-shirts jump out of their seats, pointing middle fingers at Tokyo and challenging him to a fight with abusive "Hey, Chink" taunts.

Tokyo likes the "fall guy" role, and he artfully warms up by kicking the referee in the butt. The slapstick routine shakes the Garden into laughter, and when the ref reacts by chasing Tokyo around the ring, the scene suddenly resembles the second coming of the Marx Brothers.

Unfortunately, however, Tokyo and Cassidy's opponents, Cowboy Lang and Tiny Thumb, are all business. Once the bout begins, they leave the clowning to Tokyo and come out smacking, kicking and heaving. Some of Tokyo's judo chops land vengefully on Tiny Thumb's long, golden locks. But for the most part it's a night of shrieks, "aiyehehs" and other well-acted grunts for Tokyo.

Even his greatest moment of glory is turned upside down. Like a reenactment of Pearl Harbor, Tokyo turns himself into a bombardier, and with a devilish grin frozen on his face stomps on a fallen Tiny Thumb. But as the show will have it, he makes the "mistake" of turning his back on Lang, and the metaphorical, American mighty-mite comes to his partner's rescue.

The ref, distracted by Cassidy, fails to see Lang pull at Tokyo's hair and send him careening into a turnbuckle. The blow has a dizzying effect, and Tokyo staggers around the ring, ripe for the kill. Again Lang snatches handfuls of hair and throws Tokyo down. "One . . . two . . . three," the ref barks, and all the universe is set right (at least this time). The passion play is over, and Cowboy Lang has vanquished Little Tokyo.

Is there another moral to this drama? Of course. It becomes clear in the dressing room—where the pseudo-Greek tragedy is given perspective—that Tokyo, to please his wife, has shaved off his Fu Manchu and, like another famous warrior before him, his strength has been (momentarily) sapped.

"My baby, my wife no like. No kiss me. She tell me shave." Then, laughing, he adds, "Maybe now me grow it again. Me not know. Kissing and other things, sometimes they more important than wrestling." 🐼



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Preview

OCTOBER

INTERVIEW: MADALYN MURRAY O'HAIR—Called the "most hated woman in America," the country's most controversial atheist is back in the news again as she launches another broadside at organized religion—a lawsuit designed to strip the churches of their tax exemptions. O'Hair is not exactly a stranger to public condemnation, having sparked the 1963 Supreme Court decision banning prayers in public schools. Find out if the years have mellowed her in this fascinating interview by HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt.



HOLY HOOKER—Is prostitution sanctioned in the Bible? Abraham gained the Pharaoh's favor by pimping his wife. While this may not be the story you heard, this commentary by Humphry Knipe reveals that sex played an important role in the establishment of religion.

SEX IN AMSTERDAM—Journalist Rudy Maxa takes you on a fascinating journey to one of the world's most civilized cities, where open minds have triumphed over the closed-door mentality of the sexually repressed. Discover what it's like to live where sex is not a dirty word.

LOSERS—Things don't always go better with coke, especially when you're the middleman in a sleazy game of cross and doublecross. Ben Pesta takes you a step beyond morality in this gripping tale of dealing and decadence.

ORGY OF THE (DEAD) STARS—This hilarious cartoon salute to the great and not-so-great will have you rolling on the floor and the dearly departed turning over in their graves.

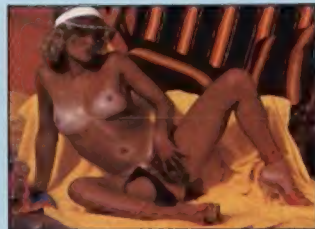


PHOTO-FEATURES—Dive into the fun with our centerfold **INGA**, who in **POOLSIDE PLEASURE** shows you that the wethead isn't really dead. You'll get in the swim with **MAKING WAVES**, and we're sure you'll be tied up with **KNOTTY LADY** for quite a while. And once you've seen **LOLITA**, you'll know why some men "thank heaven for little girls."

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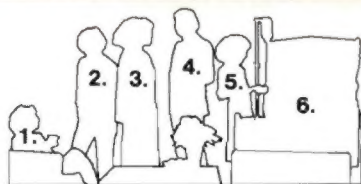
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punk-rockers. So removed from smoking she thinks lung cancer is the name of a punk band. **4.** Nope. He's Taylor Mayde, king of the discos. Knows if he smokes, both his feet and heart might miss a beat. **5.** Not Mary O. Andretti, the racing freak. She's a driving instructor at a go-cart track. The only smoke she'll tolerate comes from an exhaust pipe. **6.** Right. This deadbeat has been smoking Camal Filters all his life. Used to be a star outfielder. Was nicknamed the "Vacuum" because he caught everything hit his way. Now he can't even catch his breath.

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